

Eastern Illinois University

The Keep

The Post Amerikan (1972-2004)

The Post Amerikan Project

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Post Amerikan

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dumpsters; turkey busts; retraction; stateville; county jail

POST AMERIKAN

Vol. VIII No. 2

June-July 1979

25¢



**Ten years
after:
gay pride
marches on
pages 9-24**

**My son,
the
gay person
page 13**

**Lesbian
mothers
page 14**

**Gay rage
page 18**

ABOUT US

Post-Amerikan
page 2

Anyone can be a member of the Post staff except maybe Dave Anderson, 'cause we park our cars on the street. All you have to do is come to the meetings and do one of the many different exciting tasks necessary for the smooth operation of a paper like this. You start work at nothing per hour, and stay there. Everyone else is paid the same. Ego gratification and good karma are the fringe benefits.

Decisions are made collectively by staff members at one of our regular meetings. All workers have an equal voice. The Post-Amerikan has no editor or hierarchical structure, so quit calling up here and asking who's in charge.

Anybody who reads this paper can tell the type of stuff we print. All worthwhile material is welcome. We try to choose articles that are timely, relevant, informative, and not available in other local media. We will not print anything racist, sexist, or ageist.

Most of our material and inspiration for material comes from the community.

We encourage you, the reader, to become more than a reader.

We welcome all stories and tips for stories, which you can mail to our office (the address is at the end of this rap). The deadline this month is July 11.

If You'd like to work on the Post and/or come to meetings, call us. The number is 828-7232. You can also reach folks at 828-6885 or ask for Andrea at 829-6223 during the day.

You can make bread hawking the Post--15¢ a copy, except for the first 50 copies on which you make only 10¢ a copy. Call us at 828-7232.

Mail, which we more than welcome, should be sent to: The Post-Amerikan, P.O. Box 3452, Bloomington, IL 61701. (Be sure you tell us if you don't want your letter printed! Otherwise it's likely to end up in our letters column.)

GOOD NUMBERS

Alcoholics Anonymous--828-5049
American Civil Liberties Union--452-3634
Clare House (Catholic Worker)--828-4035
Community for Social Action--452-4867
Countering Domestic Violence (PATH)--827-4005
Dept. of Children and Family Services--829-5326
Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare (Social Security Admin.)--829-9436
Dept. of Mental Health--828-4311
Gay Action/Awareness Union--828-6935
Gay National Educational Switchboard--800-227-0888
Gay People's Alliance (ISU) 829-7868
HELP (Transportation for handicapped and sr. citizens)--828-8301
Ill. Lawyer Referral Service--800-252-8916
Kaleidoscope--828-7346
Lighthouse--828-1371
McLean County Health Dept.--829-3363
McLean County Mental Health Center--827-5351
Men's Rap Group--828-6935
Mobile Meals (meals for shut-ins)--828-8301

National Health Care Services (abortion assistance in Peoria)--691-9073
National Runaway Switchboard--800-621-4000 in Illinois--800-972-6004 (all 800 #'s toll free)
Occupational Development Center--828-7324
PATH (Personal Assistance Telephone Help)--827-4005
Parents Anonymous--827-4005 (PATH)
Planned Parenthood--827-8025
Post-Amerikan--828-7232
Prairie State Legal Aid--827-5021
Project OZ--827-0377
Public Aid, McLean Cnty. Dept. of--827-4621
Rape Crisis Line--827-4005 (PATH)
SAW (Student Association for Women, ISU)--438-7619
Small Changes Alternative Bookstore--829-6223
Sunnyside Neighborhood Center--827-5428
Tele Care--828-8301
Unemployment Compensation/Employment Office--827-6237
United Farmworkers Support Group--452-5046
Women's Switchboard--800-927-5404

Post Sellers

BLOOMINGTON

Book Hive, 103 W. Front
Eastgate IGA, at parking lot exit
Sambo's Restaurant, Washington & Beltline
Medusa's Adult World, 420 N. Madison
The Back Porch, 402 1/2 N. Main
South West Corner--Front & Main
Downtown Postal Substation,
Bl. Post Office, E. Empire (at exit)
Devary's Market, 1402 W. Market
Harris' Market, 802 N. Morris
Hickory Pit, 920 W. Washington
Biasi's Drug Store, 217 N. Main
Discount Den, 207 N. Main
U-I Grocery, 918 W. Market
Kroger's, 1110 E. Oakland
Bus Depot, 523 N. East
The Wash House, 609 N. Clinton

Man-Ding-Go's, 312 S. Lee
Mel-O-Cream Doughnuts, 901 N. Main
Mr. Donut, 1310 E. Empire
Doug's Motorcycle, 809 S. Morris Ave.
K-Mart, at parking lot exit
Small Changes Bookstore, 409A N. Main
Lay-Z-J Saloon, 1401 W. Market
Pantagraph Building (in front)
North East Corner--Main & Washington

NORMAL

University Liquors, 706 W. Beaufort
Redbird IGA, 301 S. Main
Mother Murphy's 111 1/2 North St.
Ram, 101 Broadway Mall
Eisner's, E. College (near sign)
Divinyl Madness, 115 North St.
Bowling and Billiards Center, ISU
Baker's Dozen Donuts, 602 Kingsley
Cage, ISU Student Union
Midstate Truck Plaza, Route 51 North
Upper Cut, 1203 1/2 S. Main

OUTTA TOWN

Galesburg: Under The Sun, E. Main St.
Monmouth: Head's Up
Peoria: That Other Place, NE Adams
Sound Warehouse, 3217 N. University
Decatur: Coop Tapes and Records,
1470 Pershing
Springfield: King Harvest Food Coop,
1131 S. Grand Ave. East
Urbana: Horizon Bookstore, 517 S.
Goodwin

Community News

Women's potluck

This month's potluck for women in the community will be on Sunday, June 24, at 3:00 in Franklin Park.

men's, too

This month's potluck for men in the community will be held on Sunday, June 17, at 5:30 in Forrest Park.

These potlucks provide an opportunity for politically aware men to get together informally and enjoy each other's company.

Help PATH

Everyone wants to feel needed. Through PATH--personal assistance through telephone help--you can feel needed.

If you want to help others and have a rewarding experience besides, why not be a PATH phonerom volunteer? By calling 828-1922 or 1-800-322-5015 you can receive information on PATH's next training session which begins June 20.

PATH's phonerom staff needs you, and so do lots of others.

Dance, relax, and help the Post at our BENEFIT-- JUNE 24

Have you ever wondered what you could do to support your local alternative newspaper? Try this: set aside one evening (Sunday, June 24, 8 p.m.) to relax, have fun, visit with friends, drink a few beers or fruit juice, and take in the sounds of an enjoyable band (Alesha).

That's it! Sound easy? Well, it is if you would like to support the Post-Amerikan benefit. The P-A benefit is going to take place on Sunday, June 24, at 8 p.m. at the Lay-Z-J (1404 W. Market, Bloomington). The donation will be \$2.00.

The P-A has been a community-based paper since April, 1972. In the seven years of our circulation, we have encouraged our readers to become more involved with their paper. Now it's time to ask for additional support--financial support.

We hope this can be done easily by providing a good time while raising money that will insure the continuation of your non-profit alternative newspaper.

The money raised by the benefit will enable us to replace many of our newspaper racks that are

worn, damaged or stolen. Also we need the money for the funds are getting a little low.

Also, it would be neat for the staff and the readers to get together and share some suggestions, goals, and general ideas about the Post.

With the assistance and support of local people, we have been able to put this benefit together. The folks at New Age Music have been very helpful in the planning stages, and the Lay-Z-J has contributed a lot. But the main reason this benefit is possible is the band--Alesha.

Alesha, a Bloomington band, will provide the entertainment. Alesha is a 5-piece jazz-rock band. Their enjoyable and interesting sounds include the music of Steeley Dan, Santana, Billy Joel and Stevie Wonder. The band also plays instrumentals of favorite jazz material.

Marita Brake, a local folksinger, songwriter will start the evenings program. Willy Berry, a local musician will also provide some fine songs.

So mark June 24 on your calendar. We hope to see you at the "J," relaxing and having fun. ●

--Michael

Classyfried ads

If you commute to Peoria--call me. I would like to share expense with another sap. call evenings 829-4015.

Into crime? Then you need a good get-away-car! A Small \$1500.00 investment could be your way to success.1971 T-Bird, one owner--good upkeep. All power-FM stereo, a/c radial tires. This could be it. Call evenings 829-4015.

Corn Belt Bank expansion stabs community in the back



To make a dance floor for the McLean County Dance Association, volunteers worked hours sanding and refinishing the hardwood floor on the old Bloomington Club's top story. The Corn Belt Bank was an unsympathetic landlord, though, and refused to repair the roof when it began leaking. Water has warped the dance floor now, undoing the volunteers' painstaking labor. The Dance Association has been told to move, as the bank plans to tear the building down now.

Corn Belt Bank's imperialist expansion plan has claimed another victim, the old Bloomington Club, which now houses the McLean County Art Center and the McLean County Dance Association. Corn Belt president Harry Petrie told the Art Center in March that the city landmark would be demolished.

Despite the implications of destroying a community landmark, the public didn't even find out about the plans until May 21, when Margaret Chasson of the McLean County Art Council (a different body from the Association) protested the bank's plans in a letter to the Pantagraph.

That letter was "premature," President Petrie complained, when I talked to him on the phone. Petrie would not talk about what the bank planned to do with the building. Preferring to ignore the implications of how the bank manages its property, Petrie said it was the business of Corn Belt Bank and the Art Center, not my business.

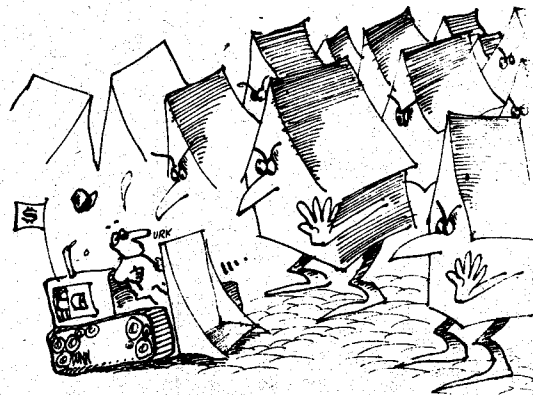
The Art Center has been located in the old Bloomington Club since October, 1976, before the bank owned the building. After the center had been leasing the building for over a year, the owner told the management of the center the building was for sale. Because of the building's location, it was a prime target for purchase by Corn Belt Bank. The old Bloomington Club and another building were the only two buildings on the block that the bank didn't own at the time. The management relayed the message the building was for sale to the Art Association board, which set up a committee to investigate the possibility of purchasing the building.

The Art Association, of which Nancy Merwin (now the Association's president), was an integral part, made no report to the Art Center. It just so happens Nancy Merwin's husband, Davis, is on the Corn Belt Bank's board of directors.

Six months passed and the committee made no report. By the time it did report, the bank had purchased the building. The Art Association committee has stalled long enough to permit Corn Belt to buy the building out from under the Art Center.

The Art Center never had a chance, thanks to Nancy Merwin and the Art Association. So the bank finally owned the whole block (excluding one building, which it now is in agreement to buy). And the Art Center had a new landlord.

And what a fine landlord the bank is. Housed on the third floor of the building is the Dance Association. The dance people put a lot of work into refinishing the hardwood floor so they would have a smooth surface for dancing. The roof of the building leaked all winter. Water drained onto the floor, ruining the surface and creating huge buckles in the wood.



Here people are working to improve a building they don't even own and what do they get in return from the owners? --less than nothing. The bank isn't furnishing what any landlord is expected to. The bank probably knew then that they were going to demolish the building.

The bank told the Art Center they must vacate the building by Sept. 1, 1979. A spokesperson from the center told me there is no way they can relocate by then.

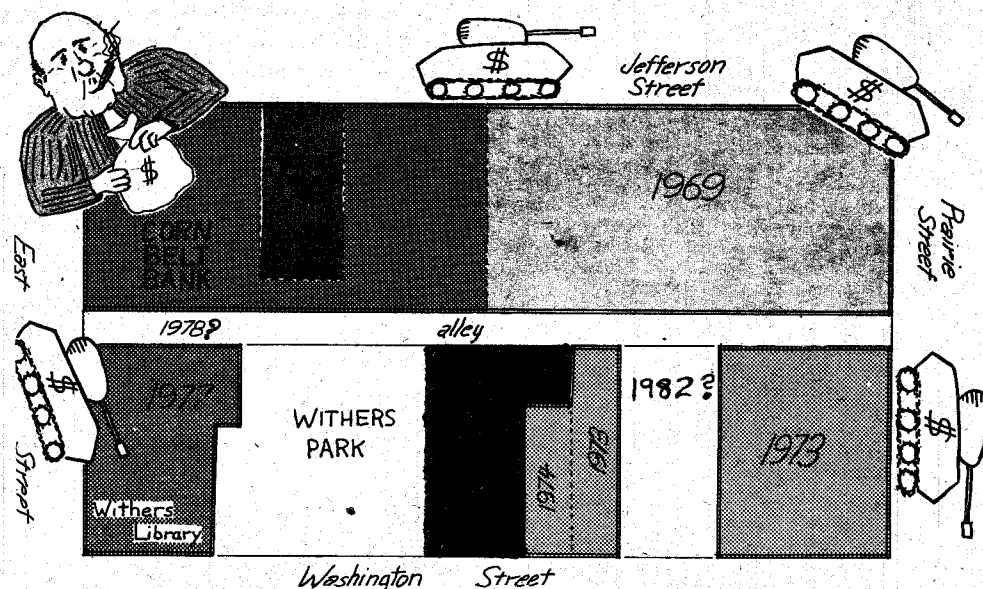
This is a bleak and ugly story about a bleak and ugly institution. Corn Belt Bank's expansion has ruined a whole city block, replacing aesthetically beautiful buildings such as Withers library and now the old Bloomington Club with modern eyesores like the bank building itself, drive-up windows, and parking lots. If a new building must go up, why must an old one be destroyed? Why not go out to the east side where ugly new buildings pop up like weeds anyway?

The bank and its administrators (Harry Petrie in particular) are doing the community wrong in two ways. They are not only uprooting the Art Center and the Dance Association, but even more unjustly, they are robbing the community of a landmark building.

Bloomington is a rare and lucky town to have so many interesting, historical, and just plain beautiful old buildings. Let's keep them because once they're gone, they can never be replaced.

Why not destroy Corn Belt Bank instead? ●

--V. Laszlo



Dates record the Corn Belt Bank's year-by-year acquisition of all the private property on its block. The bank holds an option to buy the parcel labeled with a question mark. An old will forbids the city from selling Withers Park, but the city is likely to turn over the alley to the bank in the future. The old Bloomington Club, which the bank plans to tear down soon, is marked in black.

Food capitalists: Why swallow their lies when you can eat their garbage?



Are you tired of paying sky-high prices at the supermarkets? Tired of the long lines and pushy people at the check-out counters? Are you sick of running all over town to shop the bargains? Well, the biggest bargains of all may well be in the garbage dumpsters.

We have recently found, to our complete surprise and pleasure, a way of getting groceries without the hassles of long lines, high prices, and sales promotions. If you don't mind late night shopping and bagging your own groceries, there awaits a multitude of good, healthful, and absolutely free foods right in your own neighborhood.

This food, which was only hours before a wholesome, fresh, saleable product on the supermarket shelves suddenly at closing time becomes worthless garbage and is thrown in the trash. The same people who only hours before would have eagerly paid their hard earned cash to purchase this food, now become disgusted at the thought of digging through a dumpster for the very same food which is now totally free.

This food that is completely wasted should, of course, be given away. The grocery stores, however, are not about to admit that there is free food to be had for the taking in their garbage. We should not be dissuaded

from taking this food, which would otherwise go to waste, by thinking there is anything low or demoralizing in rescuing this food from the dumpsters and putting it to good use. It is the grocery stores that should be thought disgusting for the horrible wastes created by such a system.

In our recent efforts at dumpster hunting, we found that our preconceived notions that anything in a dumpster was trash and therefore rotten, spoiled, and of no use to anyone, were far from the truth. By making several stops at dumpsters, in an hour's time we were able to obtain a whole backseat full of food that was as good as, in some cases better than, what we had recently purchased at exorbitant prices at our local grocery stores.

We simply drove up to the dumpsters, usually located behind grocery stores, and quickly loaded up what we had found. We would no doubt have found much more had it not been for the high sides on some of the dumpsters making it difficult to get beyond the top layer of trash.

In one brief dumpster hunt to four stores, we got potatoes, oranges, broccoli, cabbages, cucumbers, apples, watermelons, celery, strawberries, tomatoes, and onions. We spent an



average of about five minutes at each dumpster and didn't dig very far into any of them.

A definite disappointment to dumpster hunters were the Eisner food stores, which have E-Z PAK trash compacters, making their trash a real zero. Eagle's also had a trash compactor. Nobody is going to get anything free off these enterprising businesses. Jack's Produce, however, was a real bonanza of a variety of fresh fruits and vegetables. Dumpster hunters and garbage collectors have confirmed our suspicions that Jack's is always a prime spot for late-night dumpstering.

Another definite point of interest is the Kroger store at the Landmark Mall. We made a big haul with little effort and obtained good quality food (and the price was right). The local IGAs also proved to be fruitful; however, overcrowding in the dumpsters created obscurity, making the search for edibles more challenging, though not impossible.

Absurd you say? Only long-haired hippies in bare feet would be so degenerate as to root through the rusted, unsanitary bins of refuse? Have you ever considered how unsanitary the shelves are that your produce lies on in the stores? Notice, they are always camouflaged with a dark covering.

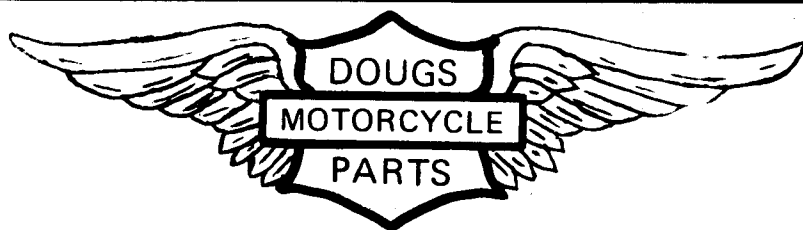
Most of our findings during our enlightenment were already prepacked in cardboard boxes, making them just as sanitary as when they lie in the store being fondled by every interested shopper. Late night dumpster shopping makes it even more convenient than having your groceries packed in a thin brown bag with the mushrooms, tomatoes, and bread under your canned goods.

Our experience inside the dumpsters made us acutely aware that this phenomenal waste of edible food is what causes the high prices we are burdened to pay. It's not Jack's Produce or any other enterprise that loses its profit. We feed them our money and they feed us food (sometimes) that is outrageously overpriced. We can stop this disgusting cycle by not playing this game, by turning to alternative sources for our food. One of these alternatives is to find and consume good food that is going to waste.

In the next issue we will find out what the store managers have to say.

--Greta Garbage and
Dolly Dumpster

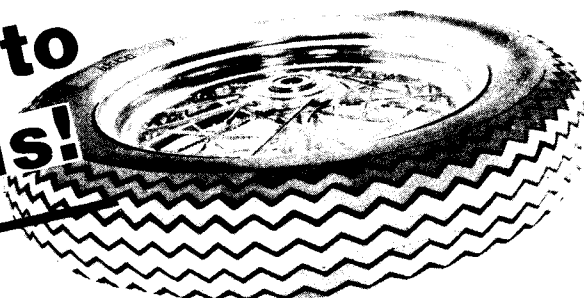
BELOW: Locked dumpster could be an ominous sign of things to come, if greedy grocers seriously begrudge gratis garbage groopers.



809 S. Morris
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS 61701
PHONE (309) 829-8941

**We now
have lower
prices and a
bigger
inventory!**

**We've moved to
809 S. Morris!**



Man falsely labeled MEG agent

The Post-Amerikan made a horrible mistake last issue by publishing photos of the man pictured here and labeling him an undercover MEG agent.

This falsely accused man is John Hill, of Bartonville. After talking several times with John and Cheryl Hill, visiting their apartment, and discrediting our original "evidence," I am convinced that we blew it last issue. This is a retraction.

This retraction is also an apology to the Hill family and their friends and acquaintances. All of us at the Post-Amerikan sincerely regret what you have had to go through because of our blunder.

It's a mistake we've tried hard to avoid. Since we published our first narc photo in 1974, we have revealed the identities of close to a hundred undercover agents and informers, without falsely accusing anyone. Until now, in our May issue.

The Post-Amerikan owes its readers an explanation: how did we print the wrong person's photo, and how are we going to prevent this in the future?

When we took Hill's photo, he was driving a blue 1978 Chevy Camaro--the exact color, make and model of a vehicle MEG has been leasing for more than a year. Hill's car had a bashed-in left front fender; so did MEG's blue '78 Camaro.

We "confirmed" that Hill's car was a MEG car by checking the license plate number with the computer in the Secretary of State's office. When asked about a MEG plate number, the computer always says "no record on file."

Unfortunately, the state's computer also says "no record on file" in other circumstances, too. For example, a check on a newly-purchased license plate will come back "no record on file" for a certain period of time--until the information has been entered into the computer.

This is where we went wrong with Hill's car.

We first checked Hill's plate number with the computer in mid-March, along with a number of other numbers. A lot of the checks, including ones we were pretty sure weren't MEG plates, came back "no record on file." We figured that the computer didn't have information yet on all the '79 plates, since the banks had been selling them until just a few weeks before.

We tried a batch of plates again in mid-April. Non-MEG plates which produced a "no record on file" response from the computer in March were now producing name and address information. But when asked about Hill's plates, the computer still said "no record on file."

The computer was releasing information on some plates it said were purchased on Feb. 27--one day

before plate sales ended. If the computer had information on all the plates sold, then Hill's "no record on file" pointed to the conclusion that he was driving a narc car.

We learned, too late, that the computer hadn't had complete information in mid-April. After we'd already printed Hill's photo, we checked his plates again--in May. Instead of saying "no record on file," the computer coughed up all the information normally recorded on a non-undercover vehicle. The check revealed that Hill bought his plates on Feb. 28.

If we had waited an extra few weeks (or if John Hill bought his plates earlier), Hill's photo would never have been in the Post-Amerikan.

But the car and the license plate check wouldn't have been enough to get Hill accused of being a narc in print, not with the uncertainty about whether the state's computer had all the info from Feb. 28 license plate sales.

In an operation something like a line-up, a person who has observed comings and goings at the MEG office picked Hill's photo out from a stack of several shots. It wasn't one of those "This is the one--I'd know that mug anywhere" identifications that MEG victims have sometimes made when pulling an agent's photo out of a pile of suspects--but it swayed us, when combined with the other evidence.

Identification of people by photograph isn't the most reliable evidence. I wish we hadn't used it.

Last issue, we said that the man pictured here has been seen entering and leaving MEG's office building at 600 Abingdon in Peoria.

John Hill says he's never been to that building, and hasn't even been in that part of Peoria for years. I believe him.

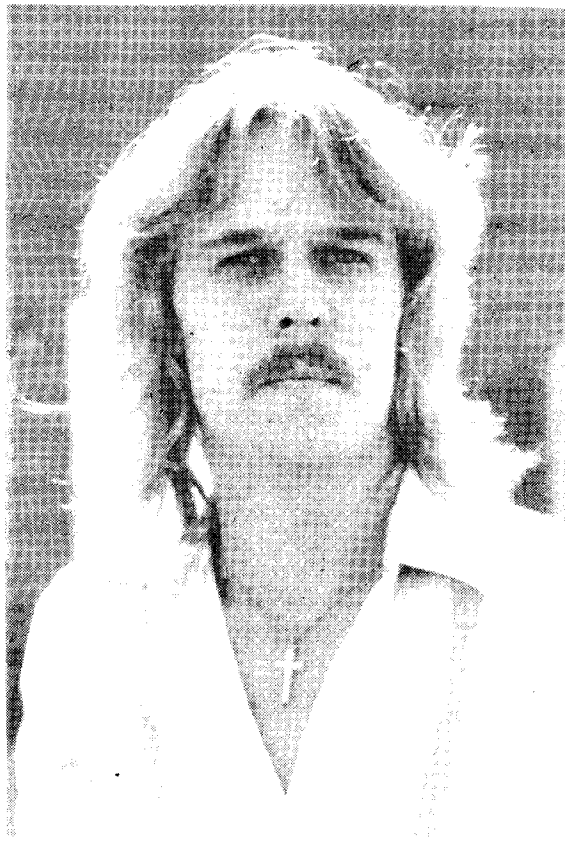
Post readers in the six-county MEG area energetically pass around our photos of narcs and post them in bars and other hang-outs. The Post staff hopes readers will put the same energy into passing around this retraction. •

--Mark Silverstein

..... Informer's identity revealed

• Another MEG informer's identity has been revealed in papers filed at the McLean County Courthouse.

• Raymond Huff, address unknown, worked as MEG Confidential Source #207. Working with Agent Glenda Hollis, Huff set up Bloomington resident Rosalind Mann in August 1978, according to police reports filed in case no. 79 of 72.



These are photos of John Hill. We mistakenly identified the one on the left as a narc photo last issue, but we were wrong.



FALCON MOTEL

CABLE TV
TELEPHONES
ON U.S. 51
AIR CONDITIONED



713 N. MAIN
NORMAL
452-1165

Prisoners beaten during 'retaking' of Stateville

Last fall, 29 prisoners were transferred from Pontiac to Stateville's "corner"--the prison's most secure area, which houses the state's electric chair. The director of the Department of Corrections said the 29 prisoners were suspected of involvement in the July 22, 1978, rebellion at Pontiac.

In early March, 31 prisoners were indicted in connection with the rebellion--17 of them for murder. Most of the 29 prisoners held at Stateville's death row were indicted, but not all of them.

Four of the prisoners who were not indicted have charged in federal court that guards beat them in March.

The beating followed the Department of Corrections' much-publicized "retaking" of Stateville from the Chicago street gangs who the Department said were in control of the prison.

Without previously notifying many prison employees, the "retaking" of Stateville began Feb. 24. Ten alleged gang leaders were transferred under heavy police guard to federal custody in Chicago.

With state troopers standing by, a special 50-member tactical team helped Stateville guards place the entire prison on deadlock. Correctional officers carried riot sticks, while the orange-suited tactical team wore helmets, gas masks, and carried weapons. Teams of dogs sniffed for contraband. Officials announced a complete cell-by-cell shakedown of the prison, with the deadlock expected to last two months.

The four Pontiac prisoners who filed affidavits in federal court asked Judge Crowley for an injunction against further guard violence. Crowley

dodged the issue, saying the prisoners' attorneys hadn't adequately shown that the beatings were directly connected to the policies directing the deadlock.

Although the prisoners' affidavits were filed in court, there has been no media coverage of their accusations. In fact, press reports have claimed that the Department of Corrections has not had any incidents while turning Stateville into a maximum security prison.

The following accounts are taken from prisoners' allegations in federal court:

--On March 16, prisoner Curtis Houston had his shoulder and a bone in his mouth dislocated when a Lt. Hayes came to Houston's cell and said he had a hospital appointment. He was handcuffed, taken from his cell, and soon met by 20-30 baton-wielding guards from the special tactical team. When he got to a doorway, he was kicked in the rear, smacked on the shoulder with a baton and thrown down the stairs to the basement of his unit. Lt. Hayes then hit Houston in the eye, and an officer Morgan pulled up his head and kicked him. Hayes told other guards to "whip his ass, but don't use sticks." While beating Houston, officers told him "you'd better tell everything you know about the Pontiac riot." Houston, who is an epileptic, was not charged with any disciplinary infraction.

--Terrel Waters was beaten and repeatedly thrown against a radiator by Hayes and some of his subordinates--guards McDade, Pollard, Ward and Chambers. When Hayes threw Waters against the radiator, he said, "So what nigger, we burned you." Hayes was also responsible for macing Leon Jackson and ten other brothers in the "corner"--the area where 29 Pontiac prisoners are being

held. Though regulations call for mandatory medical care after macing, none was provided.

--Prisoner Donald Adams states "Officer Cecetis (phonetic spelling) hit me with his club on my left side and lower back, and struck me in the genitals. I saw the same officer strike another prisoner, Wilson. I was unable to see a doctor until March 12, 1979, even though I was urinating blood since March 9, 1979, when I was struck by officer Cecetis. At that time, Dr. Atlas recommended that I see a urologist immediately. I am still urinating blood, but I have not seen a urologist as of this date (March 22, 1979)."

In support of their contention that these beatings were a direct result of the Department of Corrections' policy regarding the Stateville deadlock, prisoners' attorneys offered statements from some of the tactical squad members themselves.

These statements said that officers conducting the shakedown were to act "forcefully," that injuries were to be expected, that most injuries would be confined to prisoners who allegedly did something wrong, that restrictions on guards in the gun towers should be lifted, and they should be free to shoot at their own discretion.

When asked in federal court (March 13) if he agreed with the above statements, Department of Corrections Director Gayle Franzen said, "I certainly do." The Director also said that injury to prisoners during the Stateville deadlock was to be expected. ●

--info for this article comes from the Pontiac Prisoners Support Coalition. Much is reproduced directly from a draft article for the next issue of the Coalition's newsletter.

A weekend of positive energy

Mark the weekend of June 16-17 on your calendars 'cause that's when the second Positive Energy Convention is going to happen. In addition to lots of exhibits on solar energy, energy efficiency, and other alternative sources of energy, this year's PEC features a big craft fair and a full program of mellow music, speakers, presentations, films, games, contests, and meetings.

Planned activities start at 10 each morning at Timberline Recreation area, one mile north of Goodfield on Illinois 117 between Peoria and Bloomington. Adults will be asked to donate about \$2 at the gate.

On Saturday there will be a solar energy workshop followed by the first annual meeting of the Illinois Solar Assn., a citizens' group that wants to get good solar energy laws passed in Illinois. There will also be a nuclear power workshop at 1 p.m. followed by a no-nukes conference at 3 to plan the fight against nukes in Illinois.

Saturday night you've got two choices: a program of films on alternative-fueled vehicles, passive solar buildings, breeder reactors, rate hikes and grassroots energy projects; or a story-telling session around a bonfire of biomass.

Among the musicians playing at the PEC will be Marita Brake, Tom Ricker, Tim Piper and the Prairie Clipper Band, and Dave Williams. Bring your instruments and jam.

A children's activity tent will offer a variety of puppet shows, cartoons, and magic shows both days, and we encourage everyone to camp out Saturday night.

Sunday will feature workshops on wind power, appropriate technology, and natural heating, among others.

In the morning Clergy and Laity Concerned, which focuses on nuclear and other social concerns, will organize a central Illinois action group. The theme Sunday afternoon will be "Cooperative Solutions in a Competitive Society," with presentations by groups ranging from worker-owned and-managed businesses to food coops and the Bloomington-Normal New School.

(Booths are still available for \$40 to commercial exhibitors and for \$5 to non-profit exhibitors. Send

checks to Positive Energy, CRC, 210 W. Mulberry, Normal, IL 61761 or call 309-452-8094.)

This convention is not a group of cigar-smoking men in a stuffy room. It is a coming-together of many folks from all over who are united in their belief that a better world is possible through concern for the earth, cooperation, and the use of renewable energy sources. Please come and be a part of what's happening. ●

--B.C.

Ill. state legislature: a truly separate reality

I wrote an article last issue urging all of you to write to your friendly legislators to urge them to support some bills concerning nuclear power and waste dumps in the state of Illinois. I don't know what got into me. I even wrote to them myself! My friends told me that my letters wouldn't even be read but to their surprise, and mine, all three representatives and the state senator sent hasty replies.

A couple of them were form letters. Sen. John Maitland wrote a real nice two-page letter to me saying that he was all for alternative energy development but that nuclear power was a viable alternative also.

The funniest one came from State Rep. Gordon L. Ropp who said, "With the need for additional sources of energy and the excellent record of safety, in terms of no loss of life due to radiation. I am reluctant to support the Bills you mentioned." This guy doesn't even write complete sentences!

And where does he get his information? I guess he didn't hear about the uranium miners dying of cancer in New Mexico.

So if you write to these fellas, don't assume they know anything. Send them the information you want them to know if you're interested enough to write them a letter.

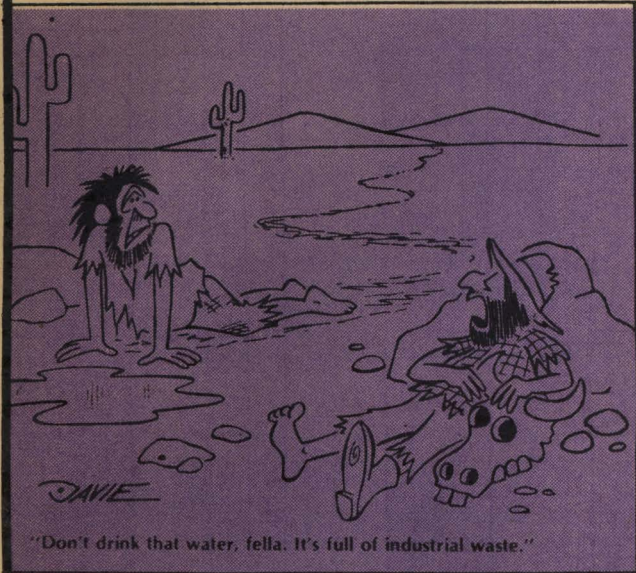
I call the legislators "fellas" because most of them are white, middle-class males. In the height of this last-ditch effort to restore my faith in government, I attended a senate committee hearing where they were to decide whether or not these environmental bills would go to the General Assembly for a vote. The senators barked, argued, and insulted in a truly "masculine" way, and the only female member of the committee, a right-on sister in her mid-fifties, was repeatedly referred to as a girl. How's that for enlightenment? ●

--Susan

Train derails, workers not surprised

On May 29, a grain train derailed on the old IC tracks at the north end of Wapella. My housemate just came home from working 32 hours cleaning up and repairing the track, and I was lucky enough to catch an interview with him before wage-slave delirium set in.

He helped lay that rail last winter. He wasn't a bit surprised to get the call about the derailment. He says that most of the experienced laborers on the railroad knew, as they were chipping ice off the machines in the freezing rain last December and January, that it was a mistake to lay the rail in the first place.



"Don't drink that water, fella. It's full of industrial waste."

"We all talked about how that track was gonna buckle and end up out in the ditch in late July or mid-August--here it is June 1. It's hard to get into your work when it's freezing and wet anyway, and then if you know it's stupid and the conditions are practically unbearable, it's really frustrating. You know you're just creating more work for yourself later."

The big mistake was laying the rail in freezing weather, not only because it was hard on the workers. The ICG higher-ups ordered that 5 miles of old conventional track be torn up and replaced with 5 miles of continuous rail. The continuous rail is made from old 30-foot and shorter pieces of rail welded together in quarter mile lengths. The crew lays the quarter mile lengths and then welds those together, making a continuous rail.

The continuous rail is supposed to need less maintenance than conventional track. Conventional track is 30-foot lengths with gaps between the lengths. The gaps provide leeway for the expansion and contraction that happens when it's hot and cold out.

Continuous rail doesn't have these gaps. So it's real important to have the rail at a certain temperature when it's laid and anchored down to the ties, so that the expansions and

contractions won't be extreme enough to cause the rail to buckle or break.

But the track by Wapella was laid in cold weather, and not enough care was taken to get the track to the right temperature before laying it. That's why it buckled on a hot day, throwing 12 cars sideways. (Some of the cars aren't salvageable.) When laying track in cold weather, the crew is supposed to warm up the track with a special machine. Last December and January, the workers used the machine, but when it got to be spring they were told just to lay the rail, even though temperatures were only 40 degrees.

The temperature should be about 60. Most experienced railroaders even say that the machine for warming track was a farce in the winter: they say that below a certain temperature, it can't correct enough, and the track just shouldn't be put down.

"Everybody out there thought it was stupid. But they get orders. Even though they may know a lot about railroads and how to operate them efficiently, they don't seem to have much decision-making power."

The people who give the orders, my housemate thinks, are removed from the practicalities of railroading and involved instead in trying to save money and cut corners on the railway, while dabbling heavily in multinational corporations and non-railroad investments.

So now the crew is ordered to cut gaps in the continuous rail and re-weld, hoping to prevent future buckling. The same crew could have prevented this derailment if they had been invited to use their expertise to decide what to do last November.

"As we were trying to clean up that mess, I just kept lookin' down the line toward the Clinton nuke," my housemate said. ●

--Phoebe Caulfield

Nuke wastes may careen

In spite of efforts to make sure the rail isn't going to buckle again (see adjoining story), the old Illinois Central track is nothing to write home about. The general condition of the track is horrible, and a crew of four people is supposed to repair and maintain the sixty miles closest to us.

And it's the most direct route to and

thru central Illinois

from the Clinton nuclear power plant.

That means that nuclear wastes, which (as we keep saying) are too dangerous to even think about for more than two minutes consecutively, are likely to be going over this track, heading for dumps up north. If they get there.

They might get dumped on the ground by a nearby creek, or the radioactive particles might blow into your trees, trailers, and lungs like so much corn dust. (see adjoining story)

The IC track has what's called "swinging ties." This doesn't mean they practice free love. It means that there's not enough gravel and hard ground under them, so that when a train wheel goes over them, they bounce up and down, making the train rise and fall.

The joints in the rails are staggered, so that the right wheels of the train pass over a sag and the train sways right, and then the left wheels of the car pass over a sag and the train sways left.

Thousands of pounds of speeding metal swaying left and right while heaving up and down isn't, in my mind, an appropriate container for deadly poisons to tootle through our cities in. ●

--P. C.

RR threatens subdivision

Petersen Subdivision, located along both sides of the Illinois Central Gulf Railroad tracks from Willow St. to Vernon Ave. in Normal, is in danger from the poor general condition of the ICG tracks.

Back in spring 1978, when Chuck (Kosher Chuck) Petersen was applying to the Normal city council for permission to develop a 75-foot-wide strip along the tracks, residents of nearby neighborhoods said that Petersen's buildings would be too close to the tracks for safety.

Petersen got permission anyway. The subdivision consists of apartment houses, mostly for students to live in.

Now there's only a narrow strip of right-of-way on each side of the dilapidated tracks. "That's not nearly enough," one ICG worker told the Post-Amerikan. The recent derailment in Wapella supports his point (see adjoining story). Twelve cars, about forty feet long each, were thrown off the track.

"Those cars would go through the buildings like a puff of wind if they derailed in Normal," said the worker. "Imagine the force and momentum of a moving train, against the cheap plywood, soft 2 x 4's, and thin brick veneer of a modern apartment building. It'd be like.... well, it'd be like getting hit by a train."

He pointed out that many of the engineers go over the speed limit in the city. Furthermore, sometimes even the posted speed limits aren't low enough, considering the poor condition of the track. ●

--P. C.



"Don't blame all of this pollution on us.....It's these stinking fish!"

Railroad dumps on Wapella

The train that derailed at Wapella May 29 was carrying hoppers full of corn. Twelve cars broke open and spilled the grain all over the place. To clean it up, the railroad used a huge vacuum-sweeper-type machine with a hose one foot or so in diameter sucking up the corn. Then the corn was dumped 5 or 6 feet through the air into trucks.

Of course, the grain dust and the dirt from being on the ground blew away. It covered the trees, the trailers in a nearby trailer court, and probably the inside of everyone's lungs.

In addition, all the corn didn't get sucked and dumped. Lots of it is still on the ground, churned in and mixed with dirt because of the heavy equipment used at the accident site.

In three to six months, when this corn gets damp and rots, it's going to stink. Bad. ●

--P. C.



City manager leaves accident

nothing happens

When you park your car on the street and someone comes along and bashes into it, you'd better hope it's a teenager or a black or woman--not a drunken city official.

On April 3, Normal City manager Dave Anderson, after drinking at Pub II in Normal, smashed into a car on Franklin Avenue. He drove home on a flat tire, changed the tire, and finally called the police to report the accident.

The state law covering these matters says that a motorist who rams a parked car has to "immediately stop" and "then and there either locate and notify the owner of such vehicle...of his name, address and registration number of the vehicle he is driving or shall attach securely in a conspicuous place on or in the vehicle...a written note" giving the same information. Also, the cops are supposed to be notified "without unreasonable delay."

Anderson didn't stop, didn't leave a note, and didn't call the cops until after a delay. But Police Chief Richard McGuire says in the Pantagraph that such terms as "immediately" and "reasonable" allow room for interpretation. Normal's Mayor Godfrey told the Pantagraph reporter that "His (Anderson's) judgment may well have been the correct procedure."

If you or I drank three beers (in Anderson's case, more likely six or twelve, since he admitted three), and then careened into a parked car on our way home, and then went on home and piddled around sobering up and altering evidence, without a doubt we would be charged with leaving the scene of an accident. Mayors and police chiefs refuse to fiddle with the language to protect us from a ticket.

But for Anderson, they were even willing to make fools of themselves in print. After all, they really do know what immediately means, and if they don't they can look it up in a dictionary.

McGuire's refusal to charge Anderson in April is temptingly like Anderson's refusal to reprimand McGuire in February. McGuire tried to fix a ticket with Ron "Bull" Dozier, the state's attorney, in February. Pantagraph reporter

So what
else
is new?

Bernie Schoenburg exposed that deal. Dozier decided not to fix the ticket and Anderson, as city manager, decided not to reprimand McGuire for putting the fix in.

It's nice to have powerful friends, especially if you're going to get drunk and clobber parked cars or get nervous and shoot students. •

--Phoebe Caulfield

Note: For the flip side of the story, read what happened to Eric Biedenham, pp. 28-29 of this issue.

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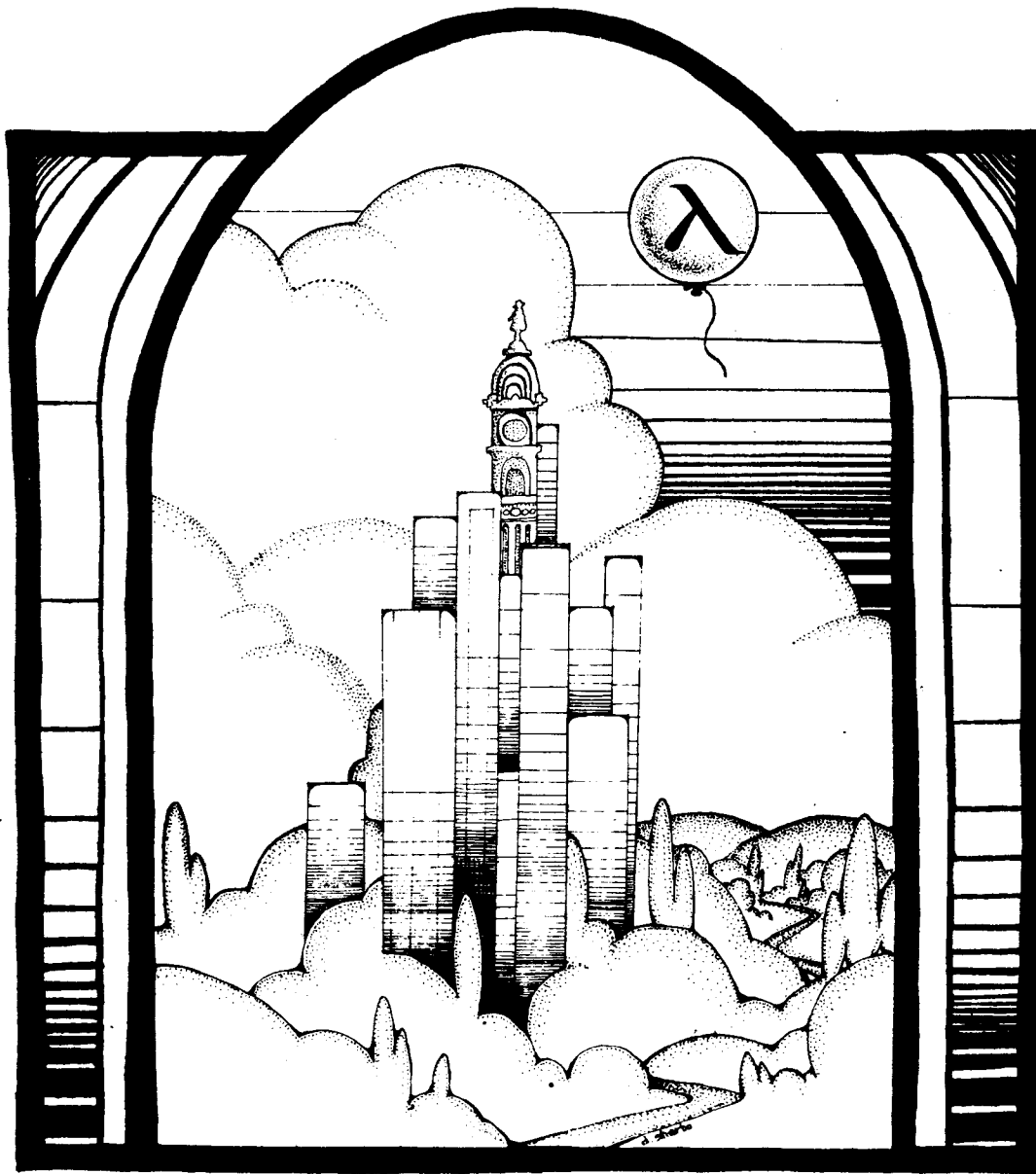
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Ten years after— Gay Pride marches on



**"If they come for you in the morning,
they will surely return for us in the afternoon."**

This special section on gay people and gay issues celebrates the Spirit of Stonewall. Ten years ago in New York City, gay people finally struck back at their oppressors. This long overdue display of power and pride signaled the end of gay compliance and the beginning of gay consciousness.

The gay voices you will hear in the following pages demonstrate that that consciousness is alive and well--and living right here in Bloomington-Normal. You'll encounter a whole range of sounds in these articles--happy, defiant, thoughtful, humorous, aware gay people telling you what we think and how we feel.

In addition to a survey of past and present efforts to win gay rights, you'll hear about gay

politics and gay rage, about gay youth and lesbian mothers, about "coming out" and dealing with religion. You'll hear from the mother of a gay son, a radical lesbian-feminist, a black gay man, and a Catholic lesbian. We also tell you what to read and how to join the celebration for the 10th anniversary of Stonewall.

These articles speak to gays and nongays--and everybody in between. The struggle to be free isn't bounded by sexual preference. Our anger and conflicts concern everyone who seeks freedom.

The relevance of this section is the same relevance that James Baldwin, a gay black writer, described when he wrote to Angela Davis about his involvement with her struggle: "If they come for you in the morning, they will surely return for us in the afternoon." ●

On June 28, 1969, one of the country's largest--and most silent--minorities became vocal and militant. Tired of leading double lives, tired of being considered sick or sinful or criminal, tired of getting caught between the police and syndicate-controlled bars, gay people fought back.

The scene was the Stonewall Inn, a gay bar on Christopher Street in Greenwich Village. When New York City plainclothes officers entered the Stonewall on Friday, June 27, they had no reason to think the raid would be different from all the others. As usual, the police had a trumped-up charge--they claimed that the bar, which operated as a private club, had been selling liquor without a license.* As usual, they closed the club, arrested the employees, and ushered the patrons out.

But what happened next was not usual. Instead of disappearing into the night, grateful for having escaped the scene anonymous and untouched, the gay patrons stayed around. They clashed with the police in a riot that lasted nearly three nights.

At first, it was a festive gathering--just a few Stonewall patrons waiting for their friends still inside. Cheers went up as more dramatic patrons swept by the detectives ("Hi there, fella") and made campy remarks--"I gave them the gay power bit, and they loved it, girls."



The Stonewall Inn was primarily a hangout for queens--men who act in outrageously effeminate ways or dress in women's clothes. But that night the limp wrists, the posing and primping, the biting comments finally gave way to the real anger beneath the flashy exterior.

With the arrival of the paddywagon, the mood of the crowd changed. As three of the more blatant queens in

full drag were loaded into the police van, the crowd began to boo and catcall. A cry went up to turn the paddywagon over, but it drove away before anything could happen.

Action subsided momentarily. The next person to come out of the bar was a lesbian--she fought all the way from the door to the car. The officer in charge, Deputy Inspector Seymour Pine, ordered the remaining cars to leave before the crowd became a mob. "Just drop them at the Sixth Precinct and

hurry back," Pine said.

It was at that moment that the scene became explosive. "Pigs! Faggot cops!" the gay people shouted. They began to throw pennies and dimes--then nickles, quarters--a bottle, another bottle. "Let's get inside," yelled Pine. "Lock ourselves inside, it's safer."

Once the cops were inside, the angry gays stepped up their assault--breaking windows, crashing the door open, hurling beer cans and bottles in. The cops tried to scare the mob from the door; they were met with a hail of coins. A beer can glanced off the head of one of the detectives. Another cop got hit under the eye with something and was bleeding.

At that point Pine grabbed a gay protester and dragged him by the hair into the doorway. The cop who was out yelled at the man, "So you're the one who hit me!" And while the other cops helped, he slapped the prisoner five or six times and finished with a punch to the mouth.

It took three cops to get the man away from the crowd and into the Stonewall. That left no police on the street. As if by signal, the crowd erupted. They heaved bottles and cobbles. A trashcan crashed through a window. The reaction was solid: they were pissed.

From somewhere came an uprooted parking meter--to be used as a battering ram. The door to the Stonewall was smashed open again, more objects thrown in. There weren't any more dancing faggots--but a powerful mob bent on revenge.

The cops drew their pistols and aimed at the front door. A door to the

side almost gave in. "We'll shoot the first motherfucker that comes through the door," shouted a detective. Then someone squirted some lighter fluid in a window, and a flaring match followed.

The police were ready to shoot. But they didn't. The whoosh of the flames was accompanied by the sound of sirens in the background. The crowd beat a retreat as carloads of police reinforcements arrived. The riot was over--for the time being. It had

Surprise at Stonewall

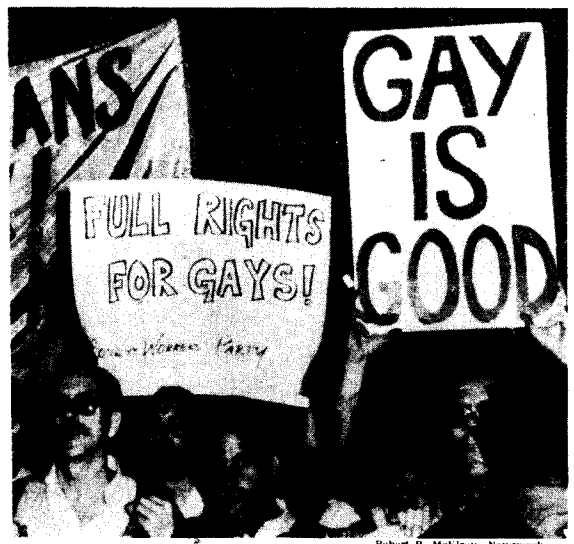
The night the

lasted 45 minutes.

Since it was past midnight, June 28 became Stonewall Day, the Boston Tea Party of the so-called Gay Liberation movement. By the time the last cop was off the street Saturday morning, a sign was going up announcing that the Stonewall Inn would reopen that night. It did.

* * *

The gay response at Stonewall was unexpected, but that particular raid was not the only reason for incidents occurring on the weekend of June 28. In the three weeks prior to that time, five gay bars in the Village had been hit by the police.** A member of the Gay Liberation Front later recalled how on June 3 he and a friend had seen about 15 paddywagons pull up at a gay hangout near the docks and that "cops were beating people to the ground."



But the reaction to the Stonewall raid didn't remain a simple protest against police harassment. As the weekend developed, the protest grew into a full-scale display of power and pride. "I'm a faggot, and I'm proud of it!" "Gay Power!" "I like boys!"--these and many other slogans were heard all three nights as gays asserted their power and clashed with the city's police forces.

Friday night's crowd returned and was led in "gay power" cheers by a group of cheerleaders: "We are the Stonewall girls/We wear our hair in curls!" Hand-holding, kissing, and posing accompanied each of the cheers.

As the chants rose in frequency and volume, the crowd grew restless. The front of the Stonewall was losing its attraction. "Let's go down the street and see what's happening," someone yelled. And down the street they went, smack into the city's Tactical Patrol Force (TPF), sometimes called the "riot squad," which had been called earlier to disperse the crowd.

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According to the reporter for the Village Voice, the TPF "cleared the crowd of screaming gay powerites down Christopher to Seventh Avenue." But accounts from gay people who were there told a different story.

One observer described how the police "chased people away and they would just go around the block and come in another way." Gays started to take over the street, stopping cars from coming through, unless driven by gay people. There were shouts of "Christopher Street belongs to the

GLF, the movement for gay rights in this country took a decisive step forward.

Most of the action took place on the two coasts--primarily in New York and San Francisco. But there were groups identifying with "gay lib" in such unlikely places as Tallahassee, Florida, and Lawrence, Kansas. By 1971 at least 6 gay liberation newspapers were appearing more or less regularly. In universities and colleges, gay student organizations sprang up with enormous speed--a GLF

Stonewall was a turning point. Things would never be the same for gay people in Amerika after June 1969.

And the spirit of Stonewall has never died. Every year the Gay Pride celebrations, in memory of the '69 riots, grow larger and larger. Last year, gay people, re-awakened by the menace of Anita Bryant and her holy bigots, put on the biggest show of solidarity in the country's history--60,000 marched in New York, 200,000 in San Francisco. The strange blend of rage and pride that surfaced at Stonewall 10 years ago is a vitalizing force that continues to drive gay people toward the goal of total liberation. ●

--Ferdydurke

gays fought back

queens!" and "Liberate Christopher Street!" Lige Clark and Jack Nichols, gay co-columnists for Screw, flatly declared that "the police were scared shitless and the massive crowds of angry protestors chased them for blocks screaming 'Catch them! Fuck them!'"

In any case, the crowd didn't break up until 3:30 a.m. Sunday was already there, and it was to be another day of gay protest--but in a different key.

Sunday night was a time for rapping and hanging out. The gay power chants were gone, but not the pride and the new openness. Gay people could be seen everywhere--on steps and curbs, in the parks and the streets. Gayness was on display, as couples and groups kissed, embraced, walked arm in arm.



The Village Voice reporter said it was "a relief and a kind of joy" to see the happy, confident Allen Ginsberg on the scene. "He lent an umbrella of serenity," said the uptight reporter, "with his laughter and quiet commentary on consciousness, 'gay power' as a new movement, and the various implications of what had happened."

Allen Ginsberg may have symbolized "serenity" to a reporter freaked out by a weekend of gay rage. But Ginsberg also understood the serious meaning of the Stonewall riots. His reaction caught the political point of June 28-29, 1969: "Gay power! Isn't that great! We're one of the largest minorities in the country.... It's about time we did something to assert ourselves."

The assertion that followed Stonewall was historic. The exuberance of that weekend produced an outpouring of organizations and publications. Stonewall gave birth to all sorts of gay rallies and demonstrations, marches and picketings, sit-ins and political zappings. The New York Gay Liberation Front (GLF) was founded in July, and by November the newspaper Come Out! had begun to appear. With the emergence of the

group was organized at Illinois State University in 1969, just months after Stonewall. There was even a gay organization at Berkeley's Pacific School of Religion, a traditional theological college.



It would be impossible to trace the growth of the gay movement--the groups, the splits, the regroupings--in the decade that followed the Stonewall riots. The women's movement provided support for lesbian causes, and lesbians contributed a great deal to the rise of feminism, although the two movements have never had an easy relationship.

The initial momentum didn't last, of course: like other political and social movements of the 60s, gay lib experienced a decline in the 70s. But

*The purported reason for the Stonewall raid--lack of a liquor license--was so bogus that it was an insult. The Stonewall Inn was a popular bar that had been operating for 3 years just a few blocks from the 6th Precinct stationhouse.

**A member of the Gay Activists Alliance explained the heavy police harassment of gay bars this way: "The police hit the bars at the prime hours, not so much so that they can give petty fines to the bar owners--it's for the effect of terrorizing the customers and sometimes physically abusing them. This drives the people away, alienates them, and forces the owner either to 'up' the payoff or to close down." After a raid, gays generally did not patronize the bar until word got around that the owner is 'paying off more.' Gay bars were especially good places to hit up for payoffs because of the built-in, vulnerable clientele.

NOTE: The main source of the historical material for this article is Donn Teal's The Gay Militants.



GIBSON

GUILD

FENDER

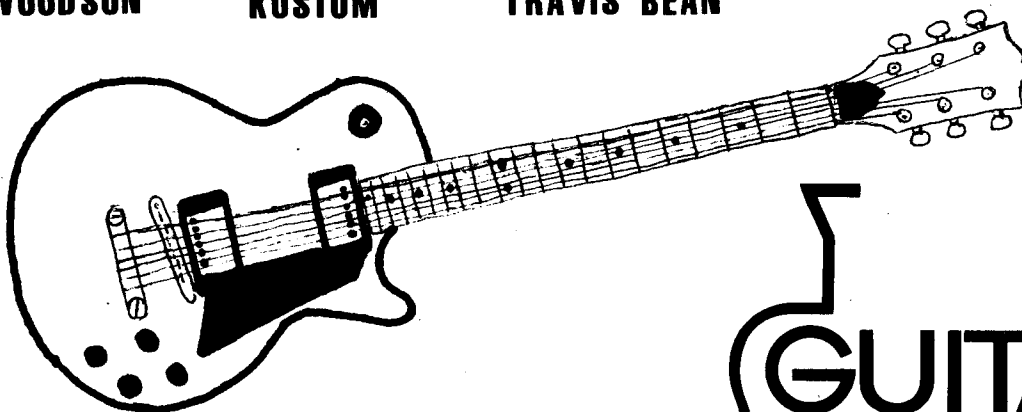
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How being a lesbian changed my life

Coming out as a lesbian five years ago was both a result of a lot of healthy changes I was making and the cause of lots of new ones.

I realized before I came out that I have always looked primarily to women for friendship, for love, for support, for intellectual stimulation, for fun. Because of that, when I realized that men and their institutions work to keep women from getting what we need, I was comfortable becoming politically woman-oriented too and defining myself as a feminist. (I think Anita Bryant and Phyllis Schlafly are examples of women who also realized in some part of themselves that men keep women down but believed they would

survive best if they hooked up with men and spoke out for men's interests rather than hooking up with women.)

From liking and appreciating women and realizing that we have common concerns, it was only a small step to being turned on to other women sexually.

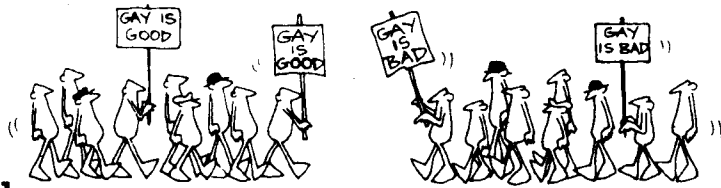
It was wonderful to stop depending on men for things I never got from them anyway--sexual satisfaction, understanding, encouragement to grow as much as I could.

And it was wonderful to be angry. I had always assumed that when I had conflicts with men, at least they were acting with good will and

not purposely against my best interests. Recognizing that that lie is promoted by men who profit by it contributed more to my "mental health" than anything else except having parents who let me develop in the ways I wanted to. (Remember all the pictures of smiling policemen directing traffic and helping frail "little old ladies" across the street in our grade school propaganda workbooks?)

So I guess coming out as a lesbian has helped me both to get more in touch with my anger and to become more loving towards others and myself. And I think that's great all the way round. ●

--Alice Wonder

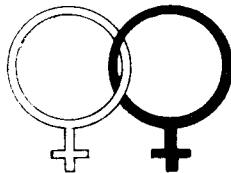


Proud to be a womyn

Many people, especially straight folks, think of lesbianism strictly in terms of "sexual preference" (or sleeping with other womyn). For me, being a lesbian means so much more than this. This distinction is very important to me because I have been a lesbian for approximately a year and a half. For the last year I have not been involved in a sexual relationship, yet I do not doubt for a moment that I am in fact a lesbian.

So what are the other things that lesbianism means to me? Well, for starters it means valuing my relationships with other womyn more than I value any relationship with any man. It means putting my time and energy into working with other womyn instead of competing with them for men's attention or letting men drain my energy away from other womyn. It means having pride and respect for myself as a womyn, and for other womyn, our skills, our struggles, our strengths, and our love for each other. ●

--RL



The struggle to be black, gay--and human

Before I get into what gayness has meant for me personally, I would offer a brief introduction. I began as an only child in a rather conservative small town in east central Illinois. Now, as far back as I can remember, there has never been a time in my life when I was not black, and never a time when I was not aware of my gay feelings. Quite a combination, wouldn't you say? Especially when you stop to realize all the negative feelings often associated with each condition.

As a black I found it necessary to struggle for self-respect in ways that some people will experience only vicariously, if at all. At the same time, I'll be damned if I didn't find myself just as put down by the very repressive attitudes reserved exclusively for gays.

The pressures of dealing with my gay, black images have caused a number of psychological and philosophical changes in my life. They have brought about my present self-awareness.

The heart of this sense of self comes from having experienced social rejection first hand. Were I not stigmatized, I would probably have felt no qualms about joining the ranks of the blind oppressors. I probably would have eagerly sown the seeds of torment, and my narrow outlook would have insulated me from ever knowing what I was doing.

As it is, my senses have been so filled with the stench of oppression that I couldn't knowingly wish the same on another living thing.

My gayness, my blackness--and my constant awareness of the meaning of both these parts of my self--have been the salvation of my humanity. And they will continue to keep me human.

I feel that it is only through this recovery and preservation of humanity that the quality of life for more than just a privileged few will ever be attained. ●

--Roy



I'm here, angry, and gay

I just finished writing to an old college friend. What do I say to him to really let him know what's happened to me since I saw him last (10 years ago)? When he knew me I was somewhat quiet, shy, insecure and very afraid to seriously look at myself. Somehow I wanted to tell him I've gotten happier and more exciting, that I've changed a lot and it's for the better that I've "come out."

I won't forget that first night. I stayed over at a friend's house. We talked late into the night, then went to bed. Neither of us could sleep. I felt so close to him that I wanted more. After trying to sleep, getting up for a cigarette, talking a little more, and tossing around, I said, "I can't get to sleep." He said, "Neither can I. I'm going to touch you."

I guess I can say the earth moved, not so much in sexual passion but through discovering all the feelings

I had avoided, repressed, ignored, and been afraid of for so long.

Being gay means struggling to understand and accept myself and to redirect my self-hate by being angry at what really makes me afraid. Loving another man should not make me feel bad--instead, I've learned to get angry at those who tell me I can't love men.

Being gay with my friends is fun. I'm comfortable and supported, I'm loved and understood, and I'm able to return these nurturing qualities.

Outside my close community, being gay makes me angry and afraid. There really are people who find me disgusting, pitiful, evil and downright nasty. I know I'm not. But these folks may want to wipe me off the earth. Well, I'm not going. I'm here, I'm angry, and I'm gay. ●

--Chris

Are homosexuals really color-blind?

Let me begin by pointing out that simply because I am a gay person, my mind is not constantly dealing with aspects of my gayness. By that, I mean that there are matters of much greater importance to me than recalling happenings which took place in New York City a decade ago. I am proud to be a functioning, seemingly well-adjusted gay person, and I have marched proudly with my gay sisters and brothers by the thousands in parades marking the anniversaries of Stonewall.

But as I struggle to put these remarks together, my mind is drawn to the small town of Starke, where the state of Florida recently murdered one of its citizens. Within my own mind, the question of whether any state possesses the right to kill is of such paramount importance that I am truly struggling to write this article on my gayness. There are other issues of much greater importance to me than the "gay issue." The cancer-like disease of racism which exists in every corner of the country, as well as the fight that goes on and on in so many states for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment, are

both issues of greater importance to me.

My sexual preference was clear to me so long ago that it is difficult to discuss many of the negative aspects frequently associated with being gay. The role my family has played in dealing with my sexuality has been one of unusual acceptance. We share, in fact, such a great rapport that my mother has agreed



to write an article for this issue. It is unfortunate, but many gay people find themselves alienated from family members when it is discovered or revealed that they are gay.

With the exception of a brother, briefly turned religious, all the members of my family have been very understanding and accepting. This has been extremely helpful to me,

as it has allowed me to share my feelings, experiences, and loves with them. My relationships are as important to me as any in which they might be involved and they understand this. Their intelligent approach has allowed them to accept each of my lovers as the members of our family that they truly are.

Feeling so good about being gay hasn't always been true for me. Before I could be proud to be gay, I had to understand what it meant to be gay. Being a teenager in the 60's in central Illinois often meant groping blindly at any source of information available. When I was about fifteen, I recall, I saw the headline on a magazine that read, "Homosexuals are Color Blind." Well, I was sure my eyes had been tested for color blindness. I was equally sure I was homosexual. When I got the magazine home, I discovered that the story dealt with the closeness of blacks and whites within the gay community. But while the headline had proven to be misleading, the article did provide valuable information for a confused teenager.●

--Ron

My son, the gay person

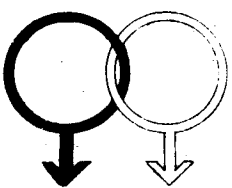
One week after his fifteenth birthday, my son took an overdose of tranquilizers. This left me confused and bewildered--my first-born was shackled to a bed in an intensive care unit, saying "I'll do it again."

There seemed nothing else to do but put him into a State Hospital. Traumatic is not a strong enough word for what followed. In his room at home, I found some literature which concerned homosexuality. The State psychiatrist suggested that my son might be leaning that way. The doctor also said homosexuality was an everyday thing in his country (the Philippines) and implied that I might be to blame because I hadn't breastfed my son. I told the doctor that this was the United States and that being a homosexual wasn't accepted here (it was 1965). Also, I said that if my son's formula "ruined" him, then the doctor better watch out because I had four more kids to follow.

Mad? You're damned right I was mad! My second son was less than two years younger and he'd gotten his nourishment from the same Evenflo Nurser.

My son stayed several months in the institution. Then--at my insistence and against all the experts' advice--he came home and went back to school. He was a year behind, of course, and although he was a bright and retentive student, he didn't do well and never completed high school.

Then began his series of heterosexual "engagements." One to a nearly blind girl, then to two different black girls. Next came an official engagement to a scholastically bright young woman, who was a nit-wit in the common sense department. They possibly would have gotten married if the young woman hadn't gotten pregnant by another man. I guess that put an end to my son's string of girlfriends.



My son didn't run out of the closet one day, jump on a stump and make an announcement about his gayness. It was more gradual and subtle--but just as revealing and final.

He's had three lovers that I know about, two of whom I consider good friends and one that I consider a real mess. By the law of averages, that's not bad. I doubt that Mickey Rooney's mother liked all her daughters-in-law.

Am I happy with his way of life? No simple yes or no can answer that. I'm happy he's happy. In some ways, I'd like it better if he was "straight" and conformed to what society calls a "normal" lifestyle. I also wish he'd drink less, had a better paying job and more education. And I'd like it if he'd call his mother more often, even when he doesn't want anything.●

--A.J.A.



gay news london/cpf



CAZ

Being gay means being free

While I find it very easy to identify the highly visible features of the gay experience--from hot bars to manners of speech and dress--the very personal aspects of gayness are more elusive.

After long thought on my own feelings as a gay man, I discovered that being gay has always meant one fundamental thing--freedom. The kind of freedom that "coming out" brings and which invariably has drawn me closer to other important people in my life. The kind of freedom which allows me to talk about myself with my co-workers and thus advance the cause a bit more. The kind of freedom which also gives me the strength to become angry when straight society--whether in the form of a San Francisco jury or a Chicago cop--tries once more to oppress gay men and women.

Most important of all, though, is the fact that this liberating quality of gayness has freed me to enjoy being the person that I am.●

--wg

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Young and gay

A lot of what I've thought and read and talked about being gay and young is painful stuff. Gay people have to make lots of hard choices day after day about how open to be. We face real dangers of being punished for our gayness by those who have power over us. On the other hand, it's difficult to feel good about ourselves or share it openly with others and confront hostile remarks and actions against gay people.

Teenage gay people are even more squeezed between a rock and a hard place than adult gays. They have even less control over their own lives than we do.

Their choice to be gay often is not taken seriously by older people who tell them they are just going through a phase. This way of not dealing with a young person's gayness is supported by lots of lies in our culture. One is that young folks are not capable of making good decisions about their own lives. Another is that gayness is an "immature" (and therefore not-so-hot!) sexual choice.

That last lie, like most lies, has some truth buried in it. Most of us do have at least limited sexual experiences with people of our own sex when we're first becoming re-aware of our sexuality. (Babies know about sexuality, but get it slapped away.) Some time in our teens, though, we become resigned to trying to be "normal."

When older people do take a young person's gayness seriously, their non-acceptance becomes more up-front. Parents disown or threaten to disown children unless the children change. School administrators suspend openly gay students. Teachers give gay students bad grades when the students challenge teachers' statements about gayness.

And those young people are stuck with those parents and teachers. Switching jobs is often hard. But switching parents is usually impos-



sible and what school we go to is regulated by law. Running away should not be the only choice dissatisfied young people have.

Older gay people could be a source of lots of support and friendship for gay teenagers and children, but usually can't be or won't be. Some adult gays couldn't imagine what good things a young person might bring to a relationship with them: They are ageist.

Other gay adults can't give younger gays what one group would love to offer and the other love to get because adult gays also have a lot to be afraid of. Gay teachers lose their jobs and are kept from doing the work they often care passionately about if they offer public support to a gay student, or offer private support and are "found out." Adult gays reject the sexual advances of "under-age" gays because they can be sent to prison for accepting.

Another way that ageism in the culture keeps young and adult gays isolated from each other is through laws (and customs with the force of law) that compel us to be in different places. For instance, many gay adults spend a lot of time at gay bars, where we can feel safe and connected with each other. Law-makers have forbidden young people to go to bars. Gay adults need to take a lot of responsibility (because we have more power than younger gays) to confront this issue or work around it.

There are great things about being young and gay, too. Realizing we're gay in high school or junior high can make it possible to have more meaningful, honest relationships with friends of both sexes.







Realizing we're gay early can also make school less painful because it helps us understand what some of the problems we're up against really are. (A lot of my depression in early high school was because I was confused about why I was so unhappy, and then I felt bad about myself.)

If we're lucky, being gay can help us realize that we're not unhappy because we're not smart enough or pretty enough or athletic enough or popular enough, but because people are trying to keep us from figuring out what we want and getting it once we know. ●

--Alice Wonder

P.S. I apologize to young gay readers because this article is written by a lesbian in her twenties rather than somebody younger. I'm afraid we adults at the Post are also isolated from young gay people. Please write and let us know what you think about this article, the Post in general, or life.

P.P.S. Thanks to the folks of Youth Liberation in Ann Arbor for some of the ideas in this article.

<p>Ten forty-three. In exactly TWO MINUTES I'll ring the FIRST BELL and they'll all stand still!</p> 	<p>All, that is, except your potential DEVIATE! Your fledgling REBEL! Your incipient BOATROCKER! THEY'LL try to move all right! THEY'LL have to learn the HARD way not to move!</p> 	<p>So I'll SCREAM at 'em and take their NAMES and give them FIVE DETENTIONS and EXTRA HOMEWORK! NEXT time they won't move after the first bell!</p> 
<p>Because when they've learned not to question the FIRST BELL, they'll learn not to question their TEXTS! Their TEACHERS! Their COURSES! EXAMINATIONS!</p> 	<p>They'll grow up to accept TAXES! HOUSING DEVELOPMENTS! INSURANCE! WAR! MEN ON THE MOON! LIQUOR! LAWS! POLITICS! PARKING METERS! TELEVISION! FUNERALS!</p> 	<p>Non-movement after the first bell is the backbone of Western Civilization!</p> 

Lesbian mothers start winning

Until recently, it was practically certain that a lesbian mother whose gayness became an issue would lose a custody dispute. That's no longer true. Although openly lesbian mothers lose custody of their children more often than they win, enough favorable precedents have now been established to give gay women a fighting chance.

Here's the information about the most important cases which have improved the outlook for gay mothers:

--The most recent case, and one of the most important, is that of Margareth Miller, of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Last January the Michigan Supreme Court unanimously reversed decisions by two lower courts granting Ms. Miller's daughter Jillian (now 12) to her former husband. The district court judge who originally ruled against Ms. Miller apparently based his decision almost solely on her sexual orientation (Ms. Miller is not currently living with a lover); no specific detrimental effect on Jillian was even alleged. The Supreme Court's reversal thus seems to establish for all Michigan courts the principle that gayness in itself is not a sufficient cause to deny custody.

--In an earlier Michigan decision, the state Court of Appeals upheld a judgement granting custody of her two children to Marjanne Schneider, whose lover lives with her and her children. It had been argued that

such an openly gay lifestyle might lead to the children's becoming homosexual. After hearing expert testimony, the lower court rejected this argument, and the Court of Appeals agreed.

--Last October, the Washington State Supreme Court issued a ruling that should have the same impact in that state as the Miller decision in Michigan. Sandra Schuster and Madeleine Isaacson are lovers who each have children from dissolved marriages. They live together in adjoining apartments, which, in effect, form a single household, an arrangement sanctioned by a lower court but protested by both women's former husbands. In a 6-3 split, the state's highest court refused to remove the children from their mothers' custody, although four of the six in the majority voted to require the women to maintain separate residences. But since there was no basic change in the custody conditions, Ms. Schuster and Ms. Isaacson, in their words, "won it all."

--In June 1978 Denver Judge Orelle Weeks granted custody of 17-year-old Betty Hatzopoulos to Donna Levy, who had been Betty's mother's lover for thirteen years before the mother died. Temporary custody had been granted to the mother's sister and her husband, but it was withdrawn when the couple separated. "Donna's sexual preference has not affected the child in the past and is not related to her ability to parent," Judge Weeks said. ●

--National Gay Task Force

Chicago cops harass gay bars

Welcome to the 1950s! Chicago police are raiding and harassing gay bars again. On the weekend of May 18-20, police visited some 7 gay bars on the near north side in the kind of crackdown that the city hasn't seen since the late 50s.

What is different about these raids, though, is that gay people are taking quick, decisive action against them. At least two meetings with the police, one which included a representative of the mayor's office, have already been held. And a protest march down Michigan Avenue is scheduled for June 5.

Chicago gays complain that the raids have been marked by excessive force, verbal abuse, and provocation on the part of the police.

The most serious incident took place at a bar called Carol's Speakeasy on May 19. Eleven men were arrested there on charges of disorderly conduct. Police entered Carol's at 1:15 a.m., allegedly to check for underage drinkers. After both uniformed and plainclothes officers with flashlights circulated among the crowd, they found their underage patron (and he may

indeed have been theirs--a police plant some gays suspect).

Your usual police violence

The cops then locked the doors, turned the music off and the lights on, and proceeded to have the crowd of approximately 550 file outside. When people began to make verbal protests, the police began to make arrests. One gay man claims that he was arrested just for asking about a friend who had been pushed up against a window.

A photographer who was attempting to record the scene on Wells Street was tackled by a police officer. After being handcuffed, the photographer was struck in the stomach with a nightstick. His camera was damaged and the film confiscated.

An attorney who questioned the arrest of the photographer was arrested himself--for "disorderly conduct." He received a similar roughing up and eventually had to be taken to a hospital for treatment of a scalp wound and a concussion, although he was held for at least 30 minutes before getting medical

attention.

One observer blamed one particular cop--a Sergeant Greenwood--for instigating the hostile police action. Greenwood's harassments and verbal abuse reportedly continued all the way to the police station.

Quick gay response

Gay reaction to these violent events was almost immediate. One meeting was held the same day (May 19) and a larger one on Monday (May 22). The Monday gathering, sponsored by the Chicago Gay/Lesbian Coalition, drew 350 energetic, noisy people. They quickly agreed to hold a demonstration/march down Michigan Avenue to the 11th Street headquarters of the Chicago Police Department on Tuesday, June 5.

The group easily managed to form a solid position. "We will not tolerate any more police harassment," said the coalition's brief, unified statement.

At the May 22 meeting, Gaylife publisher Grant Ford reported that he had been in touch with Mayor Byrne's office and was told the Mayor will not tolerate police harassment of any people in the city and will order an investigation of the raids.

Also, Alderman Bruce Young pledged his support. "Harassment and intimidation of the gay community cannot be tolerated. If you aren't free to go in a bar, then I'm not either," Young told the group. He promised to participate in the march.

--Ferdydurke

Source: Gaylife, May 25, 1979

Gay news briefs

Gay newspaper under attack

Rio de Janeiro--Brazil's major gay liberation newspaper, Lampiao, is under attack by that country's military dictatorship.

The paper's board of editors is being sued by the Brazilian government for "outrages against public morality and good mores." Five members of the editorial staff have been subpoenaed. There are fears that the paper may soon be seized by the police.

Under the present regime in Brazil, the government may at any time seize publications that it considers dangerous.

Since its first issue in April 1978, Lampiao has built up a monthly circulation of 15,000 copies and is sold at newsstands in 18 principal Brazilian cities. The paper's name means "lantern," but it is also the name of Brazil's most famous bandit, a national hero in macho folklore.

--Up Date

Michigan protects gray gays

Lansing, Mich.--The Michigan legislature has passed an act which prohibits discrimination on the basis of sexual preference in state nursing homes.

Bill 659, passed last fall, assures that appropriate care will not be denied on the basis of sexual preference or other factors. The bill also guarantees senior citizens in such homes the right to medical confidentiality, privacy, the right to receive mail unopened, and the right to associate with persons of one's choice.

--Up Date



Gay legal services in Chicago

A free legal clinic specializing in service to the Chicago area's gay community opened its doors May 6.

Gay Horizons Legal Services Program, part of Gay Horizons, Inc., an umbrella gay social services agency, is located at 3225 N. Sheffield Ave.

Staffed by volunteer lawyers, law students, and others, the legal project is the first of its kind in the Chicago area.

--The Advocate



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Angry gays storm SF City Hall

On May 22, 1979, lesbians and gay men demonstrated violently for five hours in San Francisco. They were protesting the verdict of voluntary manslaughter in the case of assassin Dan White, who had killed gay Supervisor Harvey Milk and pro-gay Mayor George Moscone last November.

Estimates of the predominantly gay crowd ranged from the "official" 5,000 to more than 30,000.

The angry protestors began gathering at 7 p.m. There were about 300 at a brief rally at 18th and Castro streets, in the heart of the city's gay section. Then Cleve Jones, a gay activist and close friend of Milk's, led the crowd down Market Street toward city hall. They shouted "Dan White was a pig, too" at the police who were on the scene. (White had been both a city police and firefighter.)

The crowd filled Market Street, blocking traffic in both directions. By 8:30 there were so many protestors in the city hall plaza that police closed Market from Castro to the City Hall building.

"No more speeches!"

The outraged crowd was in no mood for talk. Every speaker who tried to address them was shouted down. When one speaker said, "No one in the city is more angry than I am right now," the crowd replied, "Bullshit!" and "No more speeches! We've done enough talking."

Supervisor Carol Silver, a gay rights supporter, tried to lead the crowd in singing "We Shall Overcome." "Overcome, shit!" came the reply. Later, someone in the crowd threw a piece of concrete which struck Silver on the mouth. She had to be helped into the building and taken away in an ambulance.

Mayor Dianne Feinstein, who was inside city hall, attempted to speak from the balcony. She was drowned out with chants of "Dump Dianne!"

The first violent encounter with the police occurred when about 8 officers from inside the building broke through a protective line of marshalls in front of city hall. Wearing riot helmets and swinging billy clubs, the police attempted to clear the area around the front door. They were pelted with eggs and splattered with white paint.

Then the crowd began to throw rocks and concrete chunks at the glass doors. Wrought iron railings were torn off the building and used as battering rams, thrown through windows, and used to smash windows of parked cars.

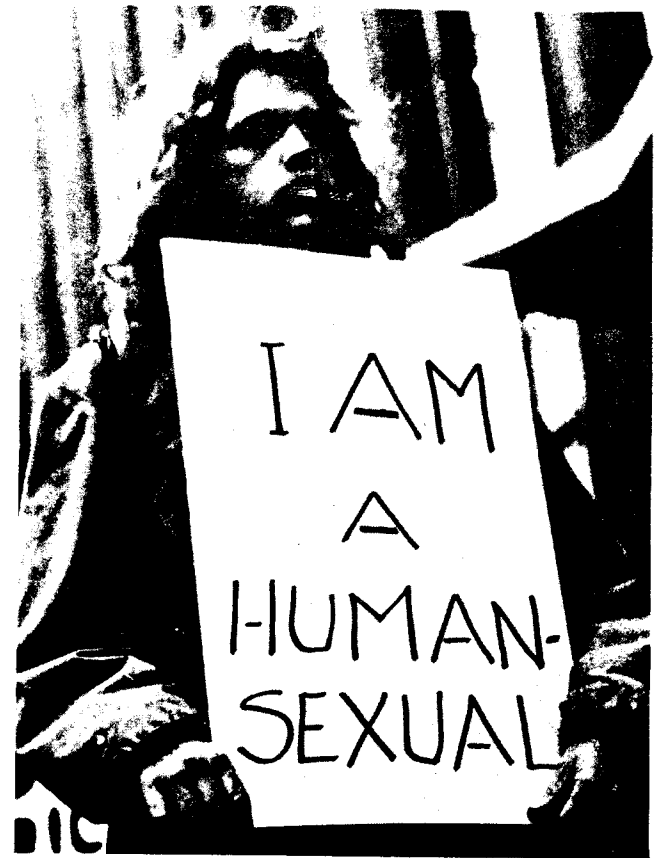
Pleas for non-violence within the crowd were shouted down. A police officer who said he was gay urged non-violent demonstrations--he was met with chants of "You kill people, we break glass."

Police begin action

Action erupted in several parts of the plaza. At the north end, on Polk Street, the protestors rocked an empty police car trying to turn it over. The police clubbed and arrested at least one demonstrator at this spot.

At the same time, police charged the people who were sitting on the court house steps, beating them with clubs to clear that area. Several demonstrators were arrested at this point, and the police formed a semi-circle on the court house steps.

Meanwhile, the police car on Polk Street had been torched. Police made periodic charges into the crowd at several spots. Tear gas was fired--either directly into the crowd or into an area between the crowd and the police, depending on which reports you believe. But because not all the police were equipped with gas masks, some of them suffered along with the demonstrators. And some of the smoking canisters were thrown back into city hall by the crowd.



Flaming rage

Fire trucks coming down Polk Street were blocked by bloody protestors, about 100 of them. Unable to reach the burning police car, the trucks backed up and left the scene.

In all, 30 automobiles were set afire, including 13 police squadcars. Reports about fires in city hall are less definite. Some say incendiary devices were thrown through basement windows; others claim that demonstrators inside the building set fires in the records section and other areas.

Police positioned themselves inside city hall doors to protect Mayor Feinstein and the supervisors. They barricaded doors and windows with tables and other furniture.

A "Code 3" emergency was declared and all available units in the city responded. Off-duty police were called in, as well as state police. By 11:30, though, heavy tear gas drove the crowd out of the plaza back towards Castro Street.

More police violence

In the confrontation on Castro, police actually conducted an unprovoked raid on a well-known gay bar, breaking up the place and clubbing two bartenders. Gay observers report that the cops were all geared up to do battle and that they were heard to chant "Kill, kill, kill" as they marched into the gay section of town.

The enraged protestors caused more than \$200,000 in damage before they were dispersed. Reportedly, all the windows on the lower floors of city hall were smashed. Police made 17 arrests, and 63 demonstrators as well as 59 police were reported injured.

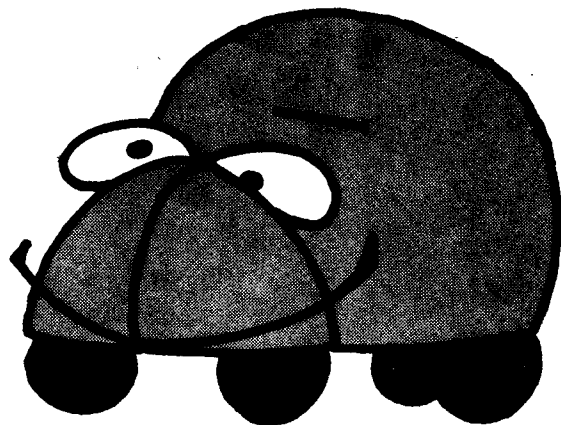
According to the San Francisco Examiner, a complaint for inciting a riot was filed Tuesday by police against Supervisor Harry Britt, the gay man who was appointed as Harvey Milk's successor. The charge against Britt is based on this remark which he supposedly made to the crowd early in the evening: "This is gay anger you are seeing. We aren't going to put up with any more Whites."•

--Ferdydurke

Source: Gaylife, 25 May 1979.

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Gay old days:

Post-Amerikan Vol. 8 No. 2 page 17

The early homosexual movement



The June 1969 Stonewall riots in New York have generally been viewed as the beginning of the gay liberation movement. But this view is based on a lack of information. In truth, 1969 marked a rebirth of gay lib.

The story of the first wave of gay liberation, which began in the 1860s, has been almost entirely suppressed. But John Lauritsen and David Thorstad have uncovered the lost history of pioneering gay rights efforts in their book The Early Homosexual Rights Movement (1864-1935), published by the Times Change Press in 1975.

As Lauritsen and Thorstad point out, Stonewall can be considered the 100th anniversary of gay liberation. In 1869, a doctor named Benkert (not his real name) wrote an open letter of protest against the impending adoption of an anti-homosexual law in Germany. Benkert's letter reflected a defiance and indignation at bigotry, ignorance, and intolerance that we might easily associate with the militancy of the gay movement today.

Benkert did not make his stand in a vacuum, for the 1860s had seen the beginnings of what might be called "scientific interest" in homosexual behavior. Karl Henirich Ulrichs, a gay German, wrote several studies of "the riddle of love between men." His work was concerned primarily with legal and social aspects of gay male behavior.

Ulrichs took the view that homosexuals were special--a "third sex" with a woman's mind in a man's body and vice versa for women. Mistaken as this notion was, Ulrichs' ideas were widely influential. He can quite properly be called the grandfather of gay lib.

Two years after Ulrichs' death, in 1897, the first gay organization was formed, also in Germany. It was the Scientific Humanitarian Committee and was founded by Magnus Hirschfeld, who worked tirelessly for the next 35 years to oppose gay oppression.

The on-going project of the Committee was to circulate a petition against the same anti-homosexual law that Benkert had objected to. For two decades the petition was sent throughout the world to gain support for homosexuals in Europe. In addition, the Committee also published a yearbook and numerous pamphlets, and held many meetings and conventions to discuss the political status of gay people in Germany.

By 1912, believe it or not, this sort of ad was appearing in German newspapers:

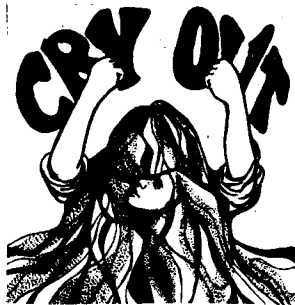
"REICHSTAG ELECTION! 3rd Sex! Consider this! In the Reichstag on May 31, 1905, members of the Center, the Conservatives, and the Economic Alliance spoke AGAINST you. But FOR you, the orators of the LEFT! Agitate and vote accordingly!"

There was even a gay lib film ("Different from Other People") made in 1919 by Hirschfeld and his associates.

In 1922, the signed petition was finally presented to the Reichstag--25 years after it was launched. More than 6,000 prominent figures signed it, half of them doctors. Some of the famous signers included Hermann Hesse, Martin Buber, Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Emile Zola and Leo Tolstoy.

The Reichstag voted to turn the petition over to the government for consideration. And there it remained, for by 1923 the post-war economic and social chaos that gave rise to Nazism already threatened the existence of the Committee.

Lauritsen and Thorstad present a rather detailed account of all the contributions that Hirschfeld made to the gay cause before he had to flee the Nazis. They also make clear the role of women in keeping the efforts of the Committee alive in its long struggle.



The book also treats the gay movement in England at this same time. The focus is on the early writings of Edward Carpenter, John Addington Symonds, and Havelock Ellis. Carpenter was lecturing and publishing on "homogenic love" as early as 1895. But, as you can imagine, the Oscar Wilde trial brought the English gay movement to a halt for quite a while.

(Wilde was a successful playwright who brought suit against his lover's father, a duke, for slander. The slander trial, however, was turned into a trial of Wilde's lifestyle. Eventually, charges were brought against Wilde; he was convicted, and sent to prison in 1895--all for being gay. --Editor's note.)

And what was going on in the United States during this period? Not much. Walt Whitman was publicly denying any homoeroticism in his Calamus poems (he told Symonds not to make any "morbid inferences"). As the authors make clear, the first American to speak out for gay rights was Emma Goldman in 1923. Her perspective was anarchistic and was achieved only after she had left this country and met Hirschfeld in Europe.

What happened from 1925 to 1935 was that in both Germany and Russia, gay rights were snuffed out by totalitarian governments. The authors document the gay movement in both countries.

While it is true that the push for early gay rights came from the liberals in Germany who were later beaten down by the fascist right, it is also true that the move toward sexual freedom announced after the Bolshevik revolution was gradually undercut by the leftist rigidity of Stalinism. By 1935, gay people were being imprisoned in both countries.

The Early Homosexual Rights Movement is a short book--it has only 91 pages. It is admittedly just a start. But, as critic Eric Bently observes, "Thorstad and Lauritsen...have begun to enlighten our darkness." This book gives us some idea just how thoroughly and effectively minority history is suppressed. Blacks, women, native Americans, chicanos--all these groups have had to struggle, and continue to do so, for their place in American history. Gay people are also taking up the struggle, and the appearance of this book (and Jonathan Katz's Gay American History) indicates, just as surely as Stonewall did, that we are ready and willing to fight..

--Ferdydurke

Tuesday night: Anger gone but not forgotten

Gays control area

Gay men and lesbians took to the streets of San Francisco again on the night after the violent protests against the unjust Dan White verdict. But the scene was very different from the previous night's angry demonstrations.

On their home turf, the Castro Street area, more than 15,000 gay people celebrated the birthday of slain supervisor Harvey Milk. He would have been 49 on Tuesday, May 23.

The anger of Monday's crowd gave way to street dancing, balloons and streamers. Meg Christian and Holly Near performed; clowns and mimes and street artists circulated freely.

No police were visible. Mayor Feinstein had asked for extra police, and officers from Marin, Alameda, and San Mateo counties were brought in. They were reportedly cruising the perimeter of the area with as many as six to a car.

But not a single uniformed police officer entered the Castro Street area Tuesday night. Crowd control was left entirely to 300 gay monitors, who wore T-shirts which read "Please! No violence." The police maintained constant communication with monitor headquarters for any reports of trouble.

No serious incidents occurred. Some minor outbreaks on the fringe of the Castro area were quelled by the monitors, according to the San Francisco Sentinel.

But the festivities were not without their reminders of the gay rage that had erupted on Monday. A few people were wearing T-shirts with photos of Dan White and the caption "He got away with murder." A sign on a bank building read: "Dan White & Company: you will not escape, for violent fairies will visit you, even in your dreams."

Bandages and casts were in evidence. One man, who had two black eyes and a face full of stitches, was sitting in a doorway holding flowers.

"For you, Harvey"

At the close of the 3-hour party, Harry Britt addressed the crowd: "We owe no one an apology for what happened last night. Until we display our ungovernable rage at injustice, we won't be heard."

The organizer of the celebration, Cleve Jones, spoke last. A close friend of Milk's, Jones first urged the people to leave in groups of 6 or more to reduce the danger of attack. Then he asked for silence. "Harvey, this is for you," he said--and released a lavender balloon. It drifted over the crowd, then rose into the sky and disappeared..

--Ferdydurke

Source: Gaylife, 25 May 1979



"I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to

I completely understand what happened in San Francisco in response to the manslaughter verdict for Dan White. If I had been there, I would almost certainly have been smashing windows and setting police cars on fire right along with my gay brothers and sisters.

This is a surprising admission because I'm not a violent person. I've never held a gun, let alone shot one. I've always avoided fights (the physical ones). I find football stupid and boxing obscene. I think people often resort to hitting and beating because they're incapable of thought or too lazy to find any other solutions to their problems.

And yet gay rage and gay violence seem totally justified to me. Not only that, I also think it's inevitable and quite possibly the only way we'll ever achieve the freedom and power we need and deserve.

I know it's difficult for many people, gay and nongay alike, to share my feelings on this matter. Violence is ugly. But so is oppression. And the oppression of lesbians and gay men is very real and very painful and has gone on much too long. When a straight man gets 7 years in prison for killing a gay man, in a country where gay people can get 15 years for making love to one another, then something is very wrong.



Struggle/cpf

Actually, I've had it relatively easy myself. No one's ever beaten me up for being gay, although a man threatened me with a gun one time when I made a pass at him. I've lost my job only once on account of my gayness (well, maybe twice; it's kind of hard to know for sure what's going on in people's heads). And my family hasn't disowned me or refused to talk to me (as long as I don't bring up gay topics).

But I still feel the pressures--the rejections, the hesitations, the questions--and they never let up. People aren't comfortable with my behavior, my conversation, my mannerisms. And every day there's a new attack: Bigots on the radio saying that the new gay bar in town is disgraceful. Uptight males yelling "Fucking faggots!" at me and my friends as we come out of My Place. A local minister sneering publicly at gay people and pronouncing us sickening and disgusting.

On the general level, the forms of oppression are numerous and devastating: Thousands of gay men and women horribly slaughtered in the German prison camps (and hardly ever mentioned in accounts of the holocaust); suicides and deaths due to Anita Bryant's campaign; having to live false, neurotic double lives; being beaten, killed, fired, tormented, lied to, lied about, and laughed at; phony marriages, blackmail, shock treatments; tasteless jokes on TV; stupid films and novels that make a mockery of our lives; kids getting kicked out of home; lesbian mothers separated from their children; distortions, hatred, intolerance. After all that we have gone through, wouldn't any violence we perpetrate be justifiable?

The destruction and violence in San Francisco didn't happen just because one jury gave a lenient verdict to a man who shot a homosexual. Neither did it happen just because gay people are called names and get their heads knocked in. It was the combination, I believe, that ignited the fuse. When public outrages

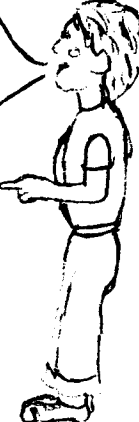
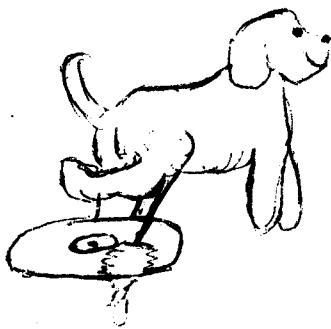
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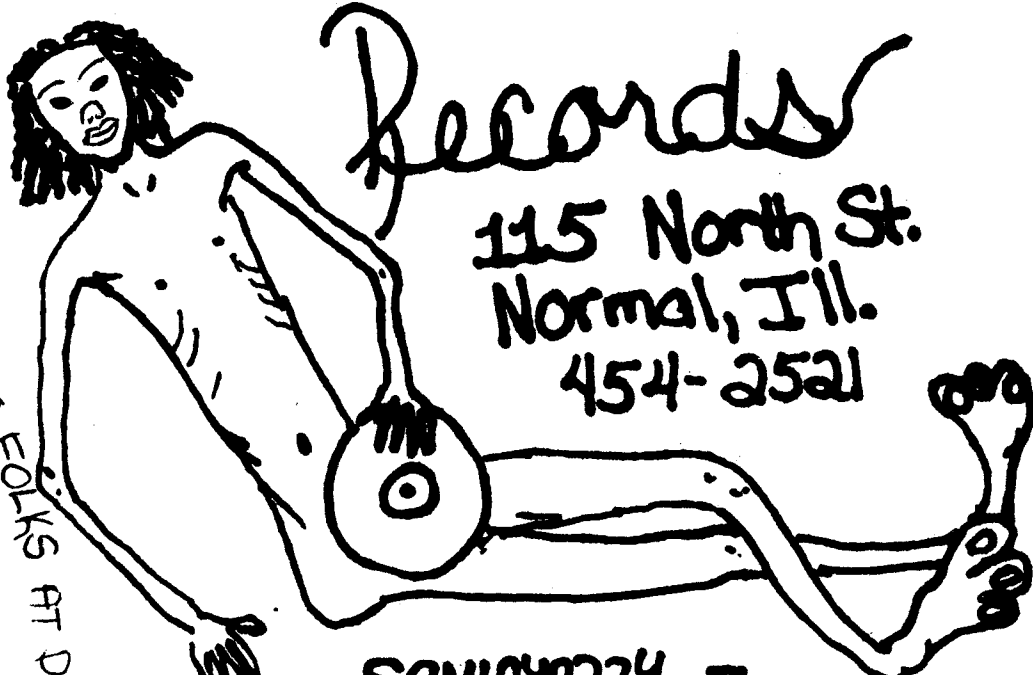


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join up with daily insults, well, it's time to take action. When the churches and the courts, the police and the media condone gay oppression--or, worse, contribute to it--then reason and restraint seem downright silly, even dangerous. If the institutions that promise aid and protection are against us, then what source of power do we have but our own rage?

Gay violence is not without purpose. It is not mindless, immature, wanton. The gay people in San Francisco attacked the very agencies and institutions--city hall, the court house, the police--that must be held responsible for injustices that have been done to us. This is our country, the public officials are accountable to us. If we gays don't have enough self-respect to demand our rights from our government, then we can't expect the fag-baiters and queer-beaters not to see us as easy victims.

Ten years ago at Stonewall gay people stood up and declared "We Will Not Be Victims Any More." We delivered the same message again in San Francisco. I see no other choice but to keep repeating it until the point finally gets through. And I don't think we should wait another decade to make the next delivery. •

--Ferdydurke

If I partake with thankfulness

"For why should my liberty be determined by another's scruples? If I partake with thankfulness, why am I denounced because of that for which I give thanks?" I Corinthians 10:29-30.

I almost hesitate to put this article into print, for I feel my credibility in this community will be sorely shaken, if not completely destroyed, if I do. I am a lesbian; I am also a practicing Catholic. And, even worse according to most of my friends, I am a recent (March 1978) convert to Catholicism.

I have been told by members of the radical community that I am a very non-offensive Christian, meaning I think that I do not go on at length about religion, that I do not try to convert anyone, and that I can be just as sacrilegious as the next person and frequently am. I hope this article does not do anything to change that opinion.

As difficult as it is for the religious community to accept the fact that I am Catholic and gay, it seems even more difficult for the radical community to accept the fact that I am gay and Catholic. I seem to be one of the few people who has no serious problems accepting both these commitments as integral parts of my life. This was, however, not always the case.

I was raised Baptist, real hard-core, fundamentalist, literalist, Bible-thumping Baptist. Were it not for literalism and the King James Bible, I would probably still be Baptist. But when it became clear to me that I could no longer accept the writings of all those men as true and relevant to my life, literalism and the Baptist tradition ceased to be my identification. That was, of course, much easier stated than put into practice. Twenty years of fundamentalism tends to stay with one, and it is probably that which makes me believe that although I may be a radical, I am definitely not a liberal.

Although I abandoned organized religion, I did not abandon God. She and I remained very close and maintained a very good relationship until I discovered that my sexual preference was not directed toward men. Although my intellect had long since given up believing in a literal interpretation of Scripture, my emotions had not, and I can read Romans and Galatians as well as anyone. I knew that from that point on, God and I were going to have serious problems. God hated dykes; I was a dyke; therefore, God hated me. As someone who believes that it is essential to have a closeness with the Almighty, this was extremely hard to take. But there it was, and Scripture was never wrong.

As I could not be both a lesbian and a Christian, I determined that one of the two would have to go. I tried giving up lesbianism. I dated men, I spent time with men, I became intimate with more men than I care to remember. All this contact with men did was thoroughly convince me that plan A was not going to work.

So I tried the only other option I saw available: I gave up God. I became as anti-God as the Jesus freaks were pro-God. I adopted the attitude that if God were going to hate me just because I was a lesbian and not bother to take into account that I was basically a decent person, then screw God, because who needs Her anyway. This option worked even less well than the other.

It was not until I found men and women of the cloth who believed that one could most assuredly be both gay and Christian, and until I, after many years with these people, came to believe



Some people may react strangely when you come out.

that too, that my life seemed to come together. The organized religion where I found this attitude most frequently was the Catholic Church. I quite realize that the Church *per se* does not hold this opinion, but the nun and the priests I talked to do. I did not become a Catholic for this express reason, but it most certainly helped the decision.

I need to feel close to God, and in part I need to feel that by being a member of a religious community. I also need that community not to assume that I am straight. As such, I have recently "come out" to the people at my church, and I have noticed no overtly awful reactions to my announcement. For the most part, they have ranged from disinterest and curiosity to acceptance and understanding.

I feel no less a part of that community, and I feel certain now that when they tell me that they are to love all of God's people, that that love extends to gay people as well as everyone else. That was a very exciting and somewhat surprising revelation.

The people in both the religious and the radical communities with which I am involved have the same basic beliefs, and I think it matters very little in the long run whether one chooses to call that belief Christian or humanist, Catholic left or new left, religion or politics. I choose to call it Christianity.

I refuse to allow people to interpret God for me. If most Christian people want to believe that the entire gay population of the world is doomed from the word go, that's not my problem, for they are not describing the God that I worship. My God and I understand each other. I accept Her weirdnesses and idiosyncrasies and God, being cool, accepts mine. •

--Deborah Wiatt

WATERBEDS



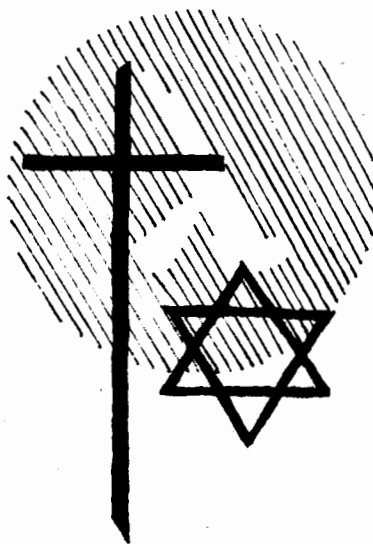
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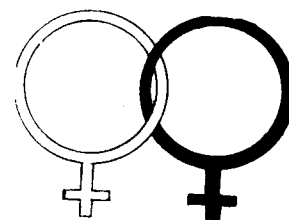
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Dear Mom and Dad . . .



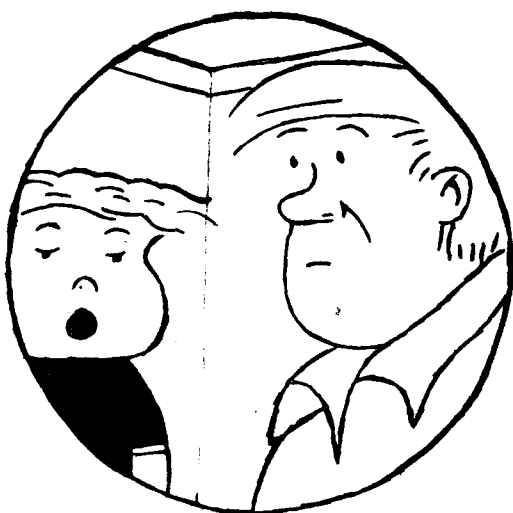
Five and a half years ago I told the people in ISU's Gay People's Alliance that I was seriously considering coming out to my parents. The GPA response, to say the least, was not positive. I was told that my parents could disown me, that I didn't need to tell them since they were 125 miles away and would never find out, and that my sexual preference was none of their business anyway. All those things were true: They could, I didn't, and it isn't. But my parents have always operated under three basic rules: 1. Nothing is worth losing their kids over; 2. Question authority at every available opportunity; 3. Be completely honest with one another. With those things in mind, I decided to tell them. So 10 days before spring break, 1974, I wrote my parents a 7-page type-written letter telling them that their darling baby daughter was a lesbian.

Before I tell you their reaction, I should give you some background about my parents. My mother is a bookkeeper for a local radio station. She attended college for two years, teaches Sunday School, and is active in all aspects of the Baptist Church. Her English and Dutch ancestors were among the first to settle Rock Island County.

My father is an inspector in a steel foundry. He quit high school to help support his five brothers; he's a trustee in his UAW local, and a past master of the Masonic Lodge. He is also second generation Polish. They are both registered Republicans. All in all, it is not a rosy picture I paint.

Except that above all those less desirable things, my parents happen to be real neat people. I was raised as non-sexist as possible for the 1950s. I was taught that there

was no person on earth better than I, and by the same token no person any worse than I. I grew up in a home filled with love, understanding, humor, and literature. I was also taught that when the war was going badly, home was the one place we could always come for a little R and R.



"Daddy, when I get older I want to be a gay activist."

Knowing those things about them, I was a bit less terrified. I was still not sure how they would react, and an alienation of their affections was something I did fear, but my intellect told me that if they wanted to disown me, I had already given them plenty of opportunities to do so. They had never been pleased that I had always considered school a farce and treated it as such, that I fancied myself a Communist all through high school, that I became a hippie in college, that I hustled drinks from men when I had no money, that I did dope, that I abused alcohol, and that by

the time I wrote them about my gayness I was attending my fourth college in as many years and there was still no degree in sight. None of those things made them real happy, but still they loved me, considered me a good person, and did not estrange themselves from me. I hoped they would take my lesbianism in much the same vein, so I mailed the letter.

Two days before I was supposed to go home, I had still not received any response from my parents. My warped imagination went to work almost immediately, and I considered three possible reasons for this. They could have not gotten the letter yet and would get it while I was home. They could have gotten it and felt they shouldn't reply since I was no longer their daughter. And, finally, they could have gotten it, found it interesting, but felt that no response was necessary. I finally broke down and called home to find that it was the third possible response that they were operating under.

My father talked to me for 25 minutes and never did mention the letter, so I was forced to ask him. He said he wasn't surprised, and that my mother had been upset for about 20 minutes. (You have to understand that when my mother found me smoking a Kool she left the house in tears of rage and was gone for almost three hours. She gets upset for 20 minutes when someone trumps her ace in Euchre.)

I didn't really believe that they had both taken the news so well, but I went home anyway and cornered my brother. He confirmed what my

Post-American Vol. 8 No. 2 page 20

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Dear Mom and Dad, cont.

father had told me. Dad had read the letter, said, "I'm not surprised," and gave the letter to my mother. Mom was upset for, he thought, somewhere between 15 and 20 minutes. I asked him about his feelings, and he told me that I had always been strange, that I was the strangest person he had ever known, and that he didn't consider this any stranger than anything else I had ever come up with, and that it was, in fact, a lot less strange than some.

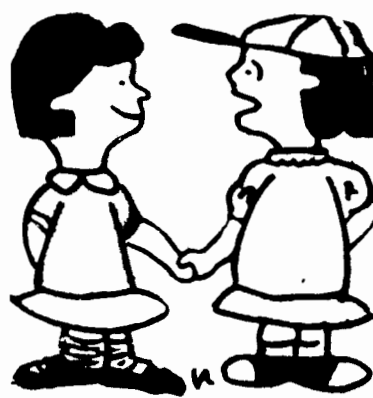
Do my parents understand? Not totally. Do they approve? I don't think so. But do they accept? Definitely. A few years ago my parent's church was giving space for the Total Woman seminars. My father told the minister that he understood that the church must make space available for groups, but that if he found out that the church was also supporting this group monetarily that he would demand that a gay Christian group be started, supported and funded by the church; or no more money would be pouring into the treasury from his household. He accepts.

I get my license plates from a bank in Silvis, and they carry QC letters. Last year when I was home and was putting the new plates on my car, my mother said she thought it was very strange. I asked her what was strange, and she said, "Well, that the QC on all the other cars stands for Quad Cities, but the QC on yours stands for Queer Child." She accepts.

It is a wonderful feeling to have the freedom of acceptance from my parents. And that acceptance is not a one-shot thing, but I feel it all around, all the time. I told my mother that I would be home for Memorial Day Weekend late Friday night or early Saturday morning. I finally pulled in at 5:15 Saturday night, grinning like a fiend. When she asked how I was, I blushed and told her just fine. She smiled and said, "Oh really? What's her name?" •

--Deborah Wiatt

Gay Pride Week, 1979



"Who needs Charlie Brown!"

This year the Chicago celebration of Gay and Lesbian Pride Week will be June 16-24. The theme, Stonewall--Ten Years After, commemorates the 10th anniversary of the Stonewall riots.

The planning committee has arranged three major events this year: an Art/Street Fair featuring displays of gay and lesbian art, film, music, dance, theater, etc., on Saturday, June 16; a Loop Rally in the Daley Plaza with speeches from gay leaders and local legislators on Friday, June 22; and the culmination of the week, the 10th Annual Gay Pride Parade on Sunday.

A schedule of the primary events follows:

June 16, Saturday--Art Fair, noon to 6 p.m.; at Broadway Limited, Carmichael Village, 3132 N. Broadway.

June 17, Sunday--Picnic, 2 p.m.; east of the lagoon in Lincoln Park.

June 19, Tuesday--Town Hall Meeting, 7:30 p.m.; location to be announced.

June 22, Friday--Loop Rally, 1:30 p.m.; Daley Plaza.

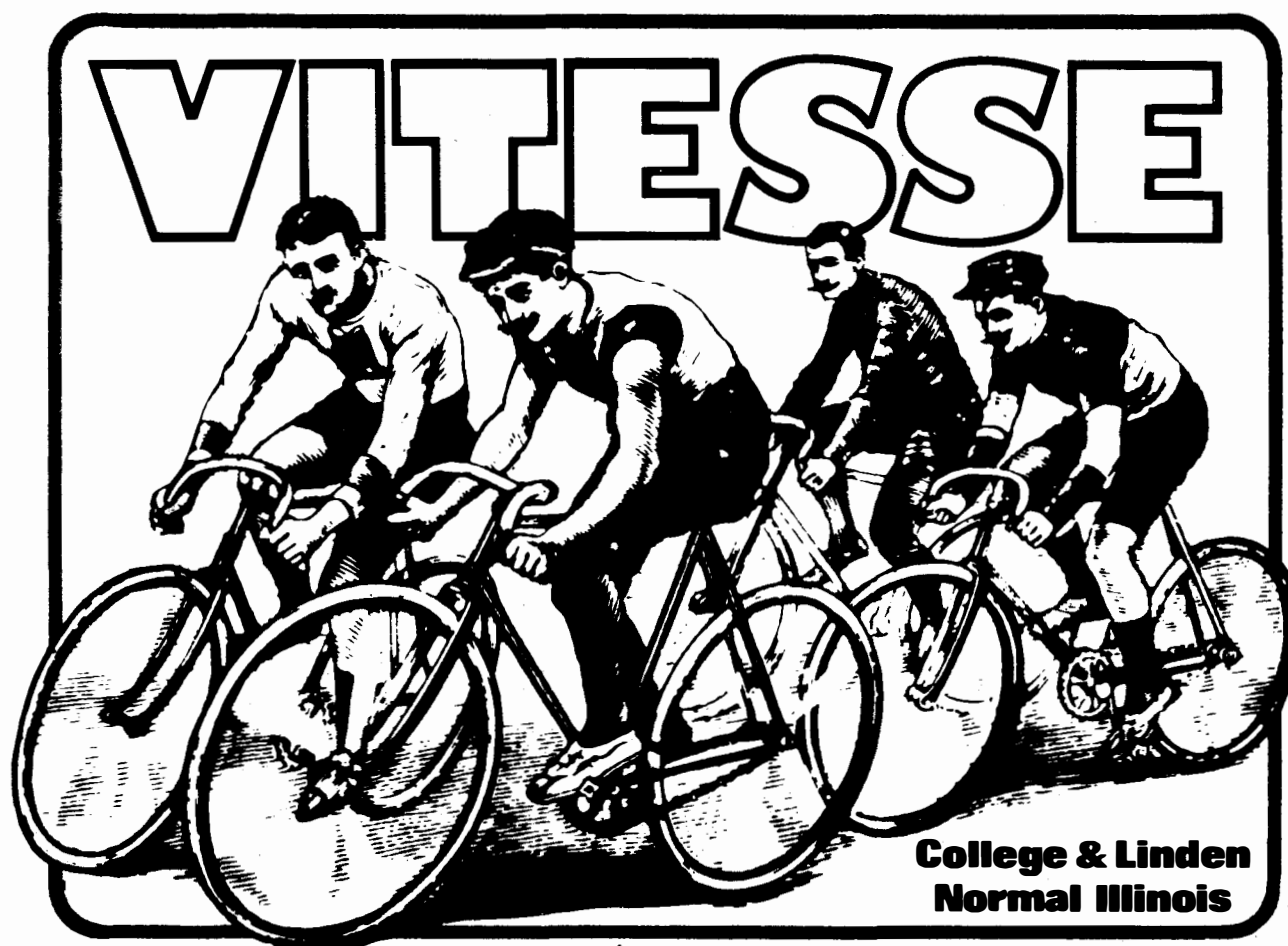
June 23, Saturday--Women's Dance, 8 p.m.; at the Light Factory, 2500 N. Southport; sponsored by the Lesbian Community Center.

June 23, Saturday--Dance (for everyone) Warlock: A Pagan Celebration of the Summer Solstice; at 3257 N. Sheffield.

June 24, Sunday--Gay Pride Parade, 1 p.m. (line up); forms at Halstead and Addison; rally and awards at the end of the parade.

* * * *

A new addition to this year's Gay Pride Parade will be the 20-piece marching band, Chicago's Gay Pride Band. The band was formed several months ago and has been rehearsing since February. They will be accompanied by a 5-member flag corps.



Lesbian feminism...

In Woman on the Edge of Time, Marge Piercy creates a time-warp setting where the choices a 20th century woman makes in her life determine the existence of a future utopian society. Piercy's message is that our current actions create the society of tomorrow. The message is awesome: We are powerful because we are creators.

Like Piercy, I too have a utopia. In my vision, creative individuals work cooperatively with one another and with the planet in an egalitarian community.

Because I believe that I am a "woman on the edge of time," I choose to live my 20th century life as a radical lesbian feminist. I see the seeds of my future utopia in the actions and words of my lesbian friends.

* * * Creative individuals. . .

"My parents encouraged me to be my own person. I didn't want to marry. I wanted to be smart, rich, and famous." Our sexist society cripples women so that we cannot be our "own person." We are raised to be passive, scared to make decisions. We are

kept ignorant about the workings of the world from our own body mechanics to auto mechanics. We are denied access to schools, to jobs, to physical fitness, to homes and streets safe from the danger of rape. We are trapped into depending on men.

In choosing to relate to women sexually, emotionally, politically, spiritually, lesbians are reclaiming their independence, their creative individuality. "With women I have more freedom to be myself. There's no mold to fit in."

* * * Creative individuals working cooperatively with one another. . .

Unlike men, women are not taught to be aggressive, competitive. But, if a woman believes that her survival depends on a man, she may compete with another woman for that man. Feminism teaches us that in our relationships with women "It's more important (to me) that we stay friends. It's more important (to me) that we not fight because of a man." (Holly Near)

When aggression and competition are minimized we can begin to work

cooperatively with one another.

Another step towards cooperation is striving for equal relationships with one another. In a sexist society, it is impossible for women to have equal relationships with men. Men have power over women. Both the man-stranger and the man-lover can and do rape, batter, and imprison us.

I feel there is more potential for equality in my relationships with women. Women give me the space to be my growing self--intelligent, playful, scared, angry, competent, "I can be defense-less with women and so have a more equal relationship."

An important part of my growing self is being in tune with my emotions, my intuitions. The more I am open to listening to my feelings, the more I know what I want, the more likely I am to get what I want, and the more likely I am to be happy. In this sexist society, women are allowed to be emotional, whereas men are discouraged from it. We as women have the potential to be aware of our emotions, our wants, and to help each other discover our feelings and

Gay politics: Fighting

What I am writing about is my being a gay man and being political and how the two are related. Although I don't like writing very much, I think that it's a good idea for me to put together on paper how it is that being gay has made me political--and possibly how being political has made me gay. I do not intend to speak for all gay men and I certainly do not intend to speak for lesbians. (Most of the lesbians I know don't need anyone to speak for them.)

I should begin by saying what some of these words mean to me. Gayness for me involves a choice. I chose to be gay. And that choice involves more than who I have sex with. I see "homosexual" and "gay" as meaning two different things. For me, the term homosexuality refers solely to sexual activity. Someone who is homosexual is someone who seeks out same-sex physical intimacy. One can be homosexual for an hour or for a month or for a year.

Gayness to me is more political. For me gayness means that I have decided to tell myself and other people that I have sexual relationships with other men, that I will continue to have sex with men and that I feel good about it. "Coming



out" or telling other people that I am gay takes constant effort since it is generally accepted that most people are not gay. My gayness includes not only talking about the oppression of lesbians and gay men but also deciding to do something about it. Which brings me to talking about what I mean by "politics."

gay power

When I think of politics I think of power relationships. Politics for me includes what goes on between two people as well as between two countries. It's a question of who has power or wants the power or is going to share the power. When it comes to lesbians and gay men, I want more power for us because

we are oppressed. Once we have more power, then I will think about sharing it. But first we need to get the power. And we will.

* * *

In thinking about writing this article, I decided that I would quote from some of the materials that I have read which have helped me to define what I think about gayness and politics. I wanted not only to give credit to other people and sources that I think are neat but also to include some of what they say.

The first quote is from a collective statement made by the Men's Task Force Against Rape and Sexism in Champaign-Urbana. Their statement on sexist oppression is important because I think the power relationships between women and men are closely related to the power relationships between gays (lesbians and gay men) and nongays:

"... women are victimized in the present economic and political system by the lower pay scales, inaccessibility to the job market, and the lack of representation. In the media women are victimized by their portrayal as mindless sex objects, male-system 'liberated' professionals, or efficient housekeepers. In personal relationships women are victimized by men through men's power-tripping, decision-making, ownership mentalities, protectionism, so-called seduction, and their general treatment of women as objects to please and appease men. For some, the so-called sexual revolution is confused with feminism, and women who were once considered the property of one man are considered the property of all men. The system in its entirety is male: male oriented and male dominated. ALL women are victims of rape, and ALL men are rapists."

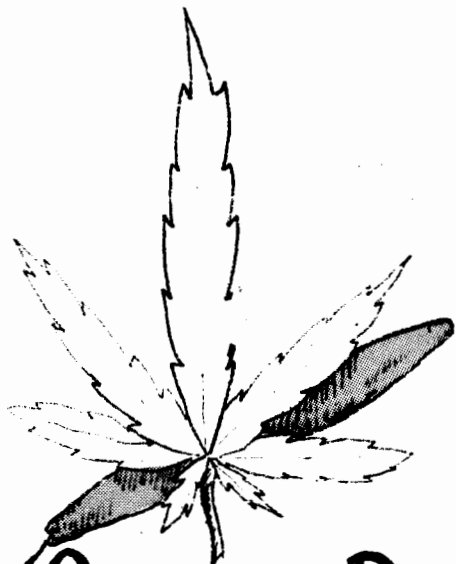
When I began to realize the power imbalance that exists between women and men and how pervasive it is, I began to question my role in intimate sexual relationships with women.

The next quote, from an anthology, For Men Against Sexism (edited by

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the seeds of utopia

Post-Amerikan page 23
June-July vol. VIII no. 2

work toward getting what we want.

* * * Creative individuals working cooperatively with one another and with the planet. . .

Men are trained to be masters--masters of their families, masters of science, masters of their world. Well, this planet is not theirs, and their attempts to master it are destroying our home.

In contrast, women are raised to be the caretakers of growing things--babies, plants, consciousnesses. In being trained to be mothers, women are taught to respect and care for people as beings with feelings.

When this feminine attitude is applied to animals, we are on the road to vegetarianism; when it is applied to our natural resources, we are on the road to ecology; when it is applied to energy, we are on the road to "no nukes!"

* * * Creative individuals working cooperatively with one another and with the planet in an egalitarian. . .

In the personal sense, egalitarianism

means striving for equal relationships. In the political sense, it means recognizing that inequality happens to classes of people, and it requires that we work to end all inequality. Being a lesbian in a heterosexual society, and a woman in a sexist society, means that I am oppressed. Recognizing my own oppression enables me to see that all lesbians, all women, all blacks, all gay men, all children, all handicapped people, all poor people, are oppressed and hurting.

I am choosing to fight this oppression. As a feminist I fight to destroy men's power plays that keep women down--rape, incest, battery, sexual harassment, pornography, job discrimination, forced sterilization, forced childbirth.

As a lesbian I am fighting by refusing to have my energy drained by men. "I put my energy into women because I get support from women, trust, communication, and I can give those things back to women."

As a radical, I am fighting back by defying the authorities and destroying their institutions--marriage, prisons,

mental hospitals, corporations, schools--which keep all oppressed people down.

* * * Creative individuals working cooperatively with one another and with the planet in an egalitarian community.

"Women need to get together to effect change." And women are getting together. As I look around my town, I see women's rap groups, a woman-run bookstore, a woman-run rape crisis center, a women's self-defense class, a concert of women's music. I see the struggling to create a women's community where all women can grow strong by sharing knowledge, love, experiences, and support with each other.

As we grow strong in our present communities we will create a future community where our daughters can grow free and equal.

Fight back, today. We are all "women on the edge of time."

--Riverfinger
with Alice Wonder, R.L. & L.R.

the heterosexual system



(CPS)

Jon Snodgrass), comes from an article called "The Reluctant Patriarchs, A Review of Men and Masculinity":

A man may refuse to oppress the women he knows, he may share the housework and childcare, he may reject every unsavory element of machismo. Yet if he... can pick up a text book in his high school or college class and know that all human achievement is ascribed to him, or can routinely walk past strangers without being whistled at or propositioned or fearing rape, or doesn't have to cope with the horrors of trying to stretch welfare payments so he and his children can survive another day, or need never worry about the ill effects of contraception on his body--he is still part of a privileged group.

I think that male privilege and heterosexual privilege are connected. So my "coming out" meant several things. Not only was I attempting to give up power that I had over women in intimate sexual relationships, but I also

wanted to act upon my sexual feelings toward men. I began an attempt to get from men the support and nurturing that I had gotten from women. It has been and still is a difficult task. Men haven't learned to nurture as well as women have.

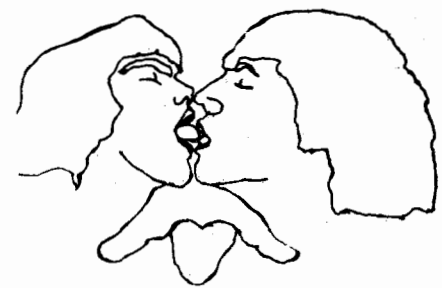
I passed for straight

Surrendering heterosexual privilege was an important part of my "coming out." There are so many things that I could and still can do if I am identified as heterosexual. Heterosexual privilege allows me the opportunity to get jobs more easily and to get higher-paying jobs. I also don't have to worry too much about losing my job if I am considered a heterosexual. If a man is openly heterosexual, he has certain privileges that relate to money. It is easier to secure a loan; and there are tax breaks and insurance breaks too.

Before I "came out," I could go to almost any party and not have to worry about the nongay people there. I could be openly and heterosexually affectionate and I would not have to worry about ridicule. I got support for it. I also got support for being sexist toward women as well.

All of my life I have been encouraged and supported for hooking up with a woman, preferably one who fits the Madison Avenue image of pretty, so that she could take care of my emotional needs, because I didn't know how to take care of them.

Actually I don't see much hope for heterosexual relationships until men start giving up power. And actually I don't trust nongay white men to do much giving up of power because I don't think that they have ever felt oppression. And I don't have much energy to put into most nongay white men because they are uptight about intimacy with other men. For them intimacy means sex, and sex between men is "not where they are at." So they are not willing to put much time and energy into male relationships that have to do with any kind of caring,



nurturing or support. They turn to women for these.

I want to put my energies into men who are gay or gay identified. I want to struggle with them against the oppression of women, of lesbians and of gay men. I also want to struggle with them to learn how to develop intimacy, how to nurture and give support. It's hard work and most of the reason the work is so hard has to do with our sexist, heterosexual, male-identified culture. And I don't like it. It makes me angry..

--L. Knight



"Janie, I've decided to go straight."

Liberate . . . Educate: Books on gay liberation

The following list includes books which relate to the so-called Gay Liberation movement, its history and theory. Fiction and biographies have not been included. This is not an exhaustive list, but represents a selection of works frequently cited and used. Some attempt has been made to cover a variety of sub-topics within the liberation theme--gay youth, lesbian-feminism, gay rights, etc. Many of these books can be found at Small Changes Bookstore or can be ordered there; a good many are available in paperback.

Abbott, Sidney and Barbara Love. Sappho Was a Right-On Woman: A Liberated View of Lesbianism. Stein & Day, 1972; Day Books, 1978. 251 pp.

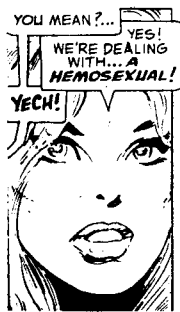
Lesbian lifestyles before and after the lesbian-feminist movements, including historical material of the movement in the early 70s and the gay/straight split in N.O.W.

Adair, Nancy and Casey Adair. Word Is Out: Stories of Some of Our Lives. New Glide Publications/Delta, 1978. 337 pp.

Full texts of the 26 interviews that make up the award-winning documentary film.

Altman, Dennis. Homosexual Oppression and Liberation. Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, 1971; Dutton, 1974. 242 pp.

Political analysis of the origin and purposes of the gay movement.



Bell, Arthur. Dancing the Gay Lib Blues: A Year in the Homosexual Liberation Movement. Simon & Schuster, 1971.

Witty, somewhat critical view of the early movement.

Boggan, E. Carrington and others. The Rights of Gay People: The Basic ACLU Guide. Avon, 1975. 268 pp.

Legal and constitutional rights in such areas as employment, free speech, housing.

Brown, Rita Mae. Plain Brown Rapper. Diana Press, 1976. 236 pp.

Political essays, lesbian-feminist theory.

Falk, Ruth. Women Loving: A Journey toward Becoming an Independent Woman. Random House, 1975.

One woman's definition of love, expanded by thoughtful personal accounts and interviews with other women.

Hefner, Keith and Al Autin, eds. Growing Up Gay. Youth Liberation Press, 1978. 40 pp.

Articles by and about gay teenagers.

Jay, Karla and Allen Young, eds. After You're Out: Personal Experiences of Gay Men and Lesbian Women. Pyramid Books, 1975. 296 pp.

Essays about day-to-day problems of living a "liberated" life.



Jay and Young, eds. Lavender Culture. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1978. 491 pp.

Articles about the way gay people live, with emphasis on the arts and social contexts.

Jay and Young, eds. Out of the Closets: Voices of Gay Liberation. Pyramid Books, 1974. 403 pp.

Essays on Gay liberation, coming out, and related topics.

Johnston, Jill. Lesbian Nation: The Feminist Solution. Simon & Schuster, 1973; Touchstone paper ed., 1974. 283 pp.

Stimulating radical feminist analyses of many basic issues.

Lauritsen, John and David Thorstad. The Early Homosexual Rights Movement (1864-1935). Times Change Press, 1974. 93 pp.

Basic reference source about the first stirrings of gay awareness, pride, and organization.

Martin, Del and Phyllis Lyon. Lesbian/

Woman. Glide Publications, 1972; Bantam, 1973.

Pioneering work on lesbianism, written by and for gay women.

Murphy, John. Homosexual Liberation: A Personal View. Praeger, 1971.

Generally positive application of politics to personal life.

Myron, Nancy and Charlotte Bunch, eds. Lesbianism and the Women's Movement. Diana Press, 1975.

Essays on lesbianism and feminism and the connections between the two.

Richmond, Len and Gary Noguera, eds. The Gay Liberation Book. Ramparts Press, 1973. 208 pp.

Essays, poetry, photos, cartoons by men about the oppression and liberation of gay males.

Teal, Donn. The Gay Militants. Stein & Day, 1971. 355 pp.

A play-by-play account of the birth of gay liberation from Stonewall on.

Tobin, Kay and Randy Wicker. The Gay Crusaders. Paperback Library, 1972. 238 pp.

Interviews with 15 men and women who were active in the early gay movement.

The 25 to 6 Baking and Trucking Society. Great Gay in the Morning! One Group's Approach to Communal Living and Sexual Politics. Times Change Press, 1972. 95 pp.

Warm, upbeat look at an experiment in gay community.

Hetero- sexism can be cured.

Vida, Ginny. Our Right to Love: A Lesbian Resource Book. Prentice-Hall, 1978. 318 pp.

Basic human-rights issues for all women with a stimulating exploration of the nature and scope of lesbian lifestyles.

Walker, Mitch. Men Loving Men: A Gay Sex Guide and Consciousness Book. Gay Sunshine Press, 1977. 160 pp.

Text and photos about love between men, techniques and attitudes.



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Justice and freedom for Mary Williams!

Mary Williams is a 42-year-old Bloomington woman. Her life resembles the lives of many other women. She is poor, isolated, and has been living in an unhappy and abusive marital situation. But on May 1, 1979, her life took a tragic turn when she accidentally shot and killed her husband, Leslie Williams, who had been trying to break into her house through the back door in the early morning hours.

Mary describes what happened that night as a terrible accident. She was a woman alone, under extreme emotional pressure, and she reacted in the best way she knew to protect herself and her children from an unknown intruder.

Perhaps the saddest part of the story is that Mary had recently started gaining some control over her life. She had left her husband, had her own home with her children and was filing for dissolution of the marriage. Her husband was under court order to stay away from her



home. But he didn't, and now she's paying for it, and paying heavily.

Mary Williams is now jailed and facing conviction for murder. Her

five children, ranging in age from 3 to 13, face being separated from their mother. And why? Because an unidentified man tried to break her door down in the dead of night, and she defended herself, her home, and her children. I would have been scared senseless. I think Mary Williams kept a great deal of strength and courage about her. But the system is rough on women who fight back.

Mary Williams's bail is \$3,000. She needs to get out of jail to work on her defense and to care for her children. She is asking our support. Any help you can give will be appreciated.

If you would like to write a friendly letter of support, send it to Mary Williams, c/o McLean County Jail, 104 W. Front, Bloomington Il. 61701.

If you can give any money toward the \$3,000 bail, please send your contribution to Suzanne Little or Susie Sewell, c/o Small Changes Bookstore, 409A N. Main, Bloomington Il. 61701.

S.S., J.H. and S.L. for a proposed Mary Williams' Support Group

LETTERS

Pontiac inmate: "Hate makes hate!"

Dear Post,

I am serving time in Pontiac Prison. I received a copy of your paper from a guard! He's pretty good. Anyhow, I was told I could get a subscription free for being in prison. I would gladly pay, had I the means.

Also I would like to say you put out a fine newspaper. I myself was shot by police (Waukegan, Ill.) for a traffic ticket, and since then I was in prison! For a bar fight with a motorcycle gang--self-defense, yet I was convicted.

Witnessed a murder of an inmate by guards at Stateville! I was beaten by guards bad. Seems I've lost my federal court suit; prison legal aid was handling it. Now I haven't heard from them. Seems the System keeps right on lying and killing or whatever they please!

I wasn't at the riot here where 3 guards were killed. I do know there's more involved than just "it happened." Hate makes hate!

Anyhow, thanks in advance for your paper, if possible.

Very truly yours,
Mike Wall #C-10175



Post Note:

We cannot substantiate the claim that Lagrow frequents the Polar Lounge, because upon further investigation of Lagrow's art of cracking pot seeds, we have found that he stands on his front legs.

Head narc uses drugs!

Dear Post,

I have a little news item for you. It seems that Jerry LaGrow, sworn enemy of youth and liberty, has a new hangout. He has been seen at the Polar Lounge about 4 or 5 every night for the past month, and not only that, but he was observed using DRUGS (alcohol and nicotine)! Could it be that even the head narco has the need to get high once in a while?

I wouldn't have recognized Jerry had I not seen his photo in the Post. Another thing that tipped me off was that he was crouched on the bar stool like a squirrel and cracking pot seeds with his teeth. Please print my name so Jerry will know who turned him in.

James C. Tippet

Electric error

Dear Post,

In my last letter about nuclear power, I made one important mistake which needs to be corrected. I said use of electricity decreased .6% from 1977 to 1978. Actually, what I meant to say is that peak use decreased .7% from 1977 to 1978. Peak use is what the need for additional generating facilities is determined by, and it is still a full 25% below capacity.

Sincerely yours,
David Burdette

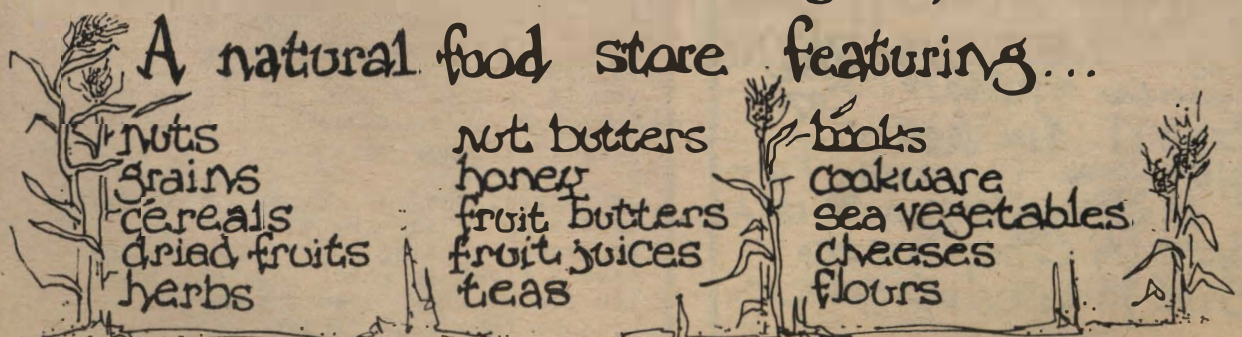


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Post, Ploense and Plante discuss Prisoners'

Prisoners in the McLean County Jail will now be able to read the Post-Amerikan, according to procedures explained to me in a May 21 conference with jail warden Leo Plante and Operations Officer Gary Ploense.

The conference was fascinating. I eagerly soaked up information on the jail's policies regarding prisoners' mail and reading materials. With rapt amusement, I listened to Plante's overdone declamations about his own concern for prisoners' welfare and his dedication to their

rights. I also took notes, recording the two officials' constantly changing versions of their procedures and policies and the reasons for them.

From the beginning, Plante clearly gave permission for the Post-Amerikan to be placed in the jail library, if the paper would donate the subscription. (We will be sending several copies of each issue to the library from now on.) He spoke glowingly of the First Amendment and the prisoners' rights to read what they choose.

Though Plante acknowledged prisoners' rights to receive papers individually addressed to them, both Plante and Ploense heavily tried to discourage my interest in sending copies to particular inmates. Plante said "trouble" might occur from some prisoners complaining that others were receiving special treatment. Individually addressed copies wouldn't circulate through the jail well, Plante advised--each copy would basically get to the six people in a particular cellblock. Plante was even concerned that individually addressed copies of the Post might get torn up, from prisoners cutting out articles they liked.

Prisoners checking out Post-Amerikans from the jail library wouldn't be permitted to cut them up, Plante said, and prisoners would be required to return the papers in a week for recirculation.

"The whole point of a jail library is to teach accountability and responsibility," the jail warden said.

Plante and his operations officer Gary Ploense also said the Post shouldn't be mailed to individual prisoners because "for security reasons, there's a limit on the amount of reading material an inmate may possess at one time."

Plante said prisoners are permitted to have one Bible, one book and two magazines in their possession at any one time.

The "security reason": a prisoner could roll up a magazine, soak it in water, and make a club "as hard as any hickory stick," Ploense explained.

(Of course, by allowing each of a cellblock's six prisoners two magazines, there's already plenty around to threaten Ploense's and Plante's "security.")

The gallery

Good Times

JUNE WED 6 FRANK VENUSIAN
THU 7 Albert Neuliep BAND
FRI 8 Chez Boccat Sat 9 Jackson
SUN 10 Chez Boccat
MON 11 JIM BUDZIUS TUE 12 VASILOU
WED 13 DON VICTOR
THU 14 John Briggs
FRI 15 B9C JACKSON Sat 16 Neuliep
BAND

JUNE SUN 17 JAMES
MON 18 JIM BUDZIUS
TUE 19 and WED 20 BOGAERT
THURS 21 John Briggs
FRI 22 BOCAT SAT BROOKS
FRI 23 BROS

JUNE! SUN 24 Venusian
MON 25 Blind
WINGS OF SONG TUE 26 JOHN NOVOTNY
WEDS 27 JIM VASILOU THURS 28
FRI 29 James Chabell Sat 30 CHEZ
HIT & MISS BOCAT

mon 2 john briggs
JULY TUE 3 "JACKSON"
WEDS 4 Neuliep Albert
THURS 5 FRI 6 FRI 17 SAT
JIM VASILOU CHEZ BROOKS
BOCAT BROS

JULY SUN 8 BILL SAMPLER BAND
MON 9 JOHN NOVOTNY
TUES 10 COX
WEDS 11 JIM VASILOU
THUR 12 JOHN VENUSIAN FRI 13 I
SAT 14 Chez Boccat
SUN 15 WINGS OF SONG

111 e. beaufort
normal

A vital question: Who can shoot who?

POST-NOTE: This was written the day State's Attorney Ron Dozier announced his evaluation of the Department of Law Enforcement's investigation into the shooting of ISU student David Daluga by Normal cop Mike Ellington. Dozier concluded that Ellington had done nothing wrong, and no charges would be filed. (No administrative disciplinary action against the trigger-happy cop was taken, either.)

I consider Ron Dozier my friend. Not an intimate friend, you understand, but a friend nonetheless. I have been to his office; I have visited his home. I campaigned for him when he was running for State's Attorney. We have mutual friends about whom we exchange news. He has listened to my problems, and I to his. Like I said, Ron Dozier is my friend. Tonight I am very worried about my choice in friends.

Tonight my friend Ron Dozier told the world that it's okay for a cop to shoot you if you shove him. I find that very interesting. My friend Ron Dozier has told me on many occasions that self-defense is defined as "answering violence with like violence." It seems that rule doesn't always apply. So I guess, then, that it's okay to shoot somebody who shoves you.

But wait a minute. Last year my friend Ron Dozier brought charges of homicide against Mattie Goodman for shooting her husband who had been beating her for years. Let me understand this. So it's okay for you to shoot somebody who shoves you, but it's murder if you shoot somebody who's beaten you repeatedly. That sounds a bit too simplistic. Allow me to amend that. It is apparently okay for cops to shoot you if you shove them, but it's not okay for you to shoot a "regular person" if they beat you.

So I guess what my friend Ron Dozier is trying to say is that you can't go around shoving cops, because they have a right to shoot you, but that you can go around beating people, because they can't fight back.

But how far can we extend this warped sense of justice? If a cop can shoot me for shoving him, can a State's Attorney shoot me for writ-

ing this article? I know writing is not like violence, but that doesn't seem to matter. Can a coroner shoot you if you ask about his business being a little dead? Can a corrections major at ISU shoot you if you step on her foot in the elevator? I once punched a state cop in the arm. Could he have shot me? Can he still? Was it his duty to shoot me? He would seemingly have been justified in doing so, so why didn't he? Would he have been considered a better cop if he had?

I wish my friend Ron Dozier would be consistent. I wish my friend Ron



Dozier were more concerned with justice than with the 1980 election. I wish my friend Ron Dozier would spend more time prosecuting menaces to our society and less time covering up the illegal and illicit actions of Officer Ellington. I wish my friend Ron Dozier would use his very capable mind to protect the citizens of McLean County rather than shield the maniacal NPD. I wish I could still consider my friend Ron Dozier my friend. But he's making that extremely difficult at the moment.

--Deborah

right to read and other county jail biz

Later, Plante talked as though these reading material limits weren't on the amount a prisoner could possess, but a limit on how much a prisoner could check out from the library. So, I suggested that mailing a few extra magazines in to a prisoner wouldn't conflict with the two magazine limit. But Plante changed his story again. He said if the Post mailed in ten different issues, an officer would take all ten to the prisoner, ask which issue he wanted to read that week, and put the rest in the prisoner's personal property folder. After a week, Plante said, the prisoner would be permitted to exchange that issue for another one in his folder.

Plante said that one book, one Bible, and two magazines was enough reading material for a week. Later Plante gave a speech about how his staff does not interfere with anything sent through the United States mail.

I inquired again what would happen if the Post mailed a batch of back issues to a prisoner in a manila envelope.

Ploense said that they would open the envelope, and "then when we found a newspaper inside, we'd just throw it away."

Ploense said he wasn't going to let me take up his staff time by opening envelopes full of Post-Amerikans all day. He said the law required him to have the envelopes opened.

But Plante had just said that prisoners would get the back issues, though maybe not all at once.

Ploense then said his staff wouldn't throw the papers away, but that prisoners might not get them.

Ploense then changed his story again, saying that prisoners would get the papers, but that delivery might take a long time, "since we'd have to read them first."

"What's the matter, Mark, don't you want us to read them," the jail's operations officer asked.

Ploense said they'd have to read the papers because of their obligation to search for contraband.

But then Plante said they wouldn't read the papers, just flip through every page.

Finally, Ploense said, "I assure you that if you mail a paper to a specific prisoner, it will be delivered."

"That doesn't mean I'm going to allow you to mail a copy to every prisoner in the jail, either," Ploense warned sternly.

When I questioned this newest twist, Plante interrupted. Plante told me that Ploense merely meant that I wouldn't be able to get the names of every prisoner, so it would be impossible to address a paper to each one.

As we concluded the subject of mailing in copies of the Post-Amerikan, Plante reiterated Ploense's guarantee: any copy of the Post-Amerikan mailed to a particular prisoner would be delivered. In addition, prisoners would be allowed to check out papers from the jail library.

We then talked about the one Bible, one book, two magazine policy. I tried to find out if a prisoner could trade in his Bible for an extra book. I swear, it took at least five minutes



before Plante and Ploense understood the question. The jail officials finally told me that prisoners could check out two books from the library, and that one of them could be a Bible, but didn't have to be. (I got to hear an inspiring speech about religious freedom at this point.)

The limitation on reading material is not simply Plante's and Ploense's paranoia about water-soaked clubs. The limitation has been imposed out of concern for prisoners' welfare. Plante said that when a prisoner accumulates some personal property, he can become a victim of extortion. Bribery is more likely, and prisoners might fight over books and magazines. By limiting the amount of personal property in the cells,

Plante said he cuts down on friction between prisoners. "My job is to protect the inmate," Plante explained with compassion in his voice.

Plante started another speech, expressing empathy for the prisoners' plight, having nothing to do all day, not knowing when they were going to trial or when they'd get out. "My greatest concern is how to help these men fill up their time," Plante said.

I suggested that reading would be a good way, and that men with so much time on their hands might want to read more than one book, one Bible, and two magazines a week.

Unfazed, Plante moved into a speech about prisoners' need for education. While I might be able to read that much in a week, Plante said, I would be surprised at the education level of prisoners in the jail. After a poignant anecdote about a prisoner who was embarrassed about his illiteracy, Plante launched a promotional lecture about the jail's G.E.D. program to help prisoners get the high school equivalency certificates.

"Hey, listen, would you like to do something, I mean, really do something?" Ploense asked in his best I'm-going-to-challenge-you-man-to-man voice.

I said sure, (I like to do lots of things.)

Ploense threw some sincerity into his tone, to show me that he isn't always the macho authoritarian prick he'd been coming off as. Packaging his request in a tone that tried to say, "I'm really concerned about those fellas in there," Ploense asked me to "really do something for those guys."

He wanted me to ask, in the Post-Amerikan, for people to donate some ping-pong tables to the jail.

I'm sure that if Ploense thought it was important for the prisoners to have ping pong tables, they'd already be there. But if any Post readers have an extra table, send it down.

The jail library will also accept donations of books, except "for that stuff with deviant sex in it, that's bad," warden Plante said. ●

--Mark Silverstein

County jail warden tells reporter:

"If you print that, I'll cut your balls off"

While talking with McLean County Jail Warden Leo Plante about allowing prisoners to receive the Post-Amerikan (see adjoining story), I asked the warden about the March 2nd shakedown, the subject of prisoner complaints and several articles in the Post-Amerikan.

(All prisoners were strip-searched in front of TV cameras, then herded outside. Without coats, some without shoes, prisoners sat for hours in 30-degree weather under the stony gaze of rifle-toting guards while each cell was thoroughly searched. Prison officials said they were looking for a butcher knife which was missing from the kitchen.)

When I brought up the subject, Warden Plante said, "I'll tell ya something. I ordered that shakedown." The Warden paused, stretched his arm across his desk, pointed at me and warned, "And if you print that, I'll cut your balls off."

The earlier conversation hadn't been "off the record," and I didn't like Plante's approach. If he wants his answers to stay out of print, he ought to arrange that agreement before he answers a question, not afterward.

And why would the jail warden care if anyone knew he ordered the shakedown?

"For security reasons," Plante explained. "I don't want people to know how I operate." (I could see why, considering the operation he was threatening me with.) "I'm just telling you this as a friend," he continued.



As it turns out, Plante wasn't quite correct about his ordering the shakedown. He later admitted he only recommended it; the sheriff actually ordered it.

Last issue, a prisoner's letter reported that a secretary in the sheriff's department removed the butcher knife from the kitchen. The letter's author was working as a trustee in the kitchen; he gave the knife to the secretary, who wanted it to cut lasagne she'd made for some sheriff's deputies.

Warden Plante admitted that this prisoner passed a ploygraph. But so did the woman who took the knife, Plante added. She said she returned the knife to the kitchen. Where it went after that, Plante told me, no one knows.

It's not in any of the prisoners' rectums--Plante's men checked all those potential hiding places.

"I know it's not anywhere in the jail," Plante reported proudly, bragging about the thoroughness of the shakedown. ●

--M.S.

Squawkin' 'bout Turkey Laws

Melodee Biedenharn's letter (adjoining this article) protests the McLean County State's Attorney's prosecution of cases under the so-called "turkey" law, which makes it illegal to make a turkey out of a narcotics agent. Frequently, narcs manage to buy only legal substances when making their undercover purchases. When they can't charge a defendant with delivering a controlled substance, narcs nail the dealer under the turkey law--a law which makes it a felony to deliver a legal substance if it is "represented to be a controlled substance."

If I hand you an aspirin and say, "Have an aspirin," I've committed no crime. But if I hand you an aspirin and say, "Here, have a Valium," then I've committed a felony--delivering a substance represented to be a controlled substance. The turkey law is really a law against speech, not against conduct.

When the defendant's speech is ambiguous, prosecution of the turkey law becomes outrageous. Instead of testimony about whether or not the defendant did something, the testimony concerns what the narcotics agent thought the defendant meant by using a particular word.

For example, "speed" is used nowadays to refer to most any stimulant, whether or not the substance is illegal. But prosecutors will claim that someone who calls a legal substance "speed" is representing it to be a controlled substance. Guilt or innocence in this kind of case depends on interpretation of the word "speed"--not on the defendant's action.

In the turkey cases mentioned in the adjoining letter, Eric Biedenharn sold tablets of the stimulant ephedrine to a MEG agent. Ephedrine is not a controlled substance. If Biedenharn had described his merchandise as ephedrine when he sold it, he would not be charged with a felony.

Instead, Biedenharn described his merchandise as "whites" or "white cross." He was charged with a felony under the turkey law, because the MEG

agent interpreted "white cross" and "whites" to mean the controlled substance amphetamine. Witnesses--including a linguist and a drug education project director--testified about the meaning of the words "whites" and "white cross." The defense produced a full-page major magazine advertisement urging dieters to send away for "white cross." The ad showed that the term does not always mean amphetamines, since those aren't sold mail-order. (The "white cross" advertised in national magazines is actually ephedrine.)

Melodee Biedenharn's letter implies that Asst. State's Attorney Brad Murphy may have decided against prosecuting further turkey cases after hearing the defense's evidence. I talked to both Murphy and his boss, State's Attorney Ron Dozier, about their policy on charging people with turkey sales.

Both Murphy and Dozier said they would no longer charge a person with a turkey sale if the only evidence that the suspect was representing the stuff as a controlled substance was the suspect's using the word "speed."

"But," Dozier was careful to point out, "it is extremely rare that the word 'speed' is the sole element of the representation."

According to Dozier, other elements include carrying out a transaction in a private home, packaging the pills in a plastic baggie, and showing concern about whether the buyer is a police agent. He says these acts are all part of representing the substance to be a controlled substance. (Maybe he even includes failure to furnish a receipt and to charge sales tax.) Under Dozier's policy, then, a person could be legally using ephedrine for its stimulant effect, and could be reasonably using the term "speed" to refer to the white pills. But if this person--while sitting at home and peering cautiously out the window--were to hand over a plastic baggie of this legal speed, then Dozier would be ready to file a felony charge.

It's the non-mainstream culture that really bothers these guys. No matter how legal it is, some hippie dropping ten hits of ephedrine to cop a buzz just bugs the hell out of Ron Dozier and his sidekick Murphy.

Uptight, hopelessly middle-class whites, these moralistic nerds know who the "bad people" are--and the turkey law gives them a rare chance to nail someone basically for being part of a "bad crowd."

If the drug laws were intended to stop people from using and delivering substances which the legislature considers especially dangerous, then the police should be required to catch people actually using or delivering those specific drugs before putting anyone in the penitentiary.

With the turkey law, especially the way Dozier applies it, people are going to jail convicted only of using the language and style of the drug culture--not for actual involvement with the drugs banned by law. ●

--M. S.

4½ years for saying

Post-Note: This letter inspired the adjoining article, which you should read after you read this letter.



Dear Post Readers,

I am writing in behalf of my newly wed husband, Eric Biedenharn. He would write himself but is unable to because on April 23, 1979, this 23-year-old man was sentenced to 4½ years in a state penitentiary. He is one of the victims of Judge Luther Dearborn and his companion, Assistant State's Attorney Brad Murphy.

Eric was charged with 4 counts of delivering a legal drug (they are "turkey" charges) and one count of delivering PCP.

Eddie Farris, who is spending weekends in McLean County Jail and also residing at Lighthouse, and Paul Brenkman (MEG agent) are the culprits in this case.

I am protesting the manner of prosecution involving the 4 turkey charges, for which a stiff sentence of 4½ years was handed down.

The drug Eric sold to Brenkman was a non-controlled substance called ephedrine which Ron Dozier himself could purchase at most any drug store. It can also be obtained by the general public through magazines and other mass media.

Eric told everyone he sold it to that it was legal. We both thought we were well within our legal rights to resell clean, safe, whites that were purchased legally. However, we were grossly mistaken.

The key factor in this case was that the state contended Eric misrepresented the legal drug to be an illegal one. Paul Brenkman (MEG agent) stated that Eric represented the ephedrine as an amphetamine.

PAIR-A-DICE Records and tapes

-T-Shirts- Largest selection of transfers in Bloomington-Normal

New inventory of pipes
and bongos arriving daily

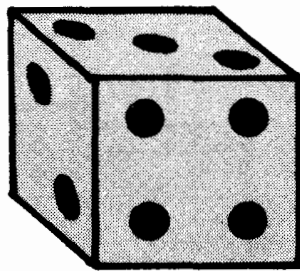
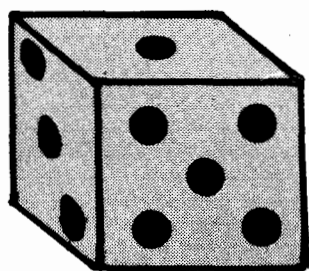
702 N. Evans
828-8831

Tues.-Thurs.

11-7:30

Fri.-Sat.

11-9



Drinking age changes again

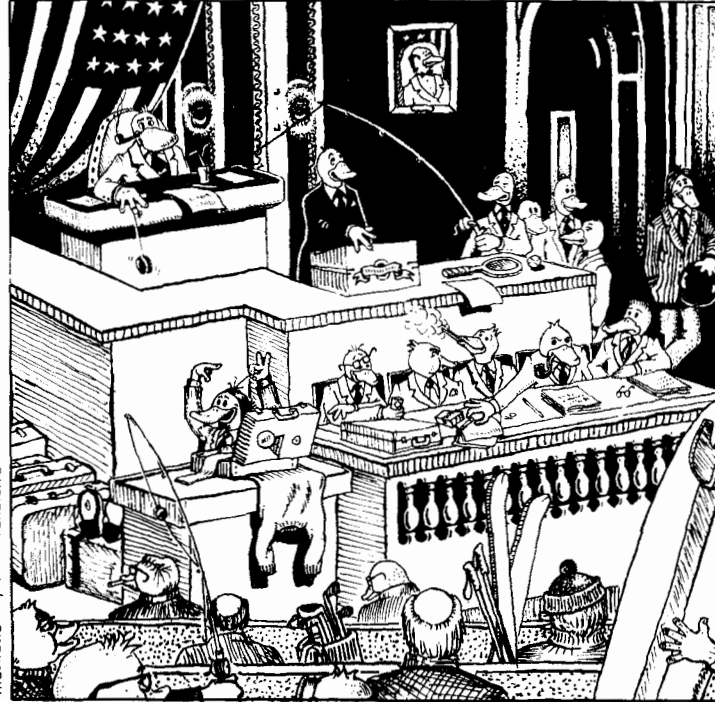
Stomp ludicrous lawmaking

It appears as though our state legislature will soon decide that those between the ages of 19 and 21 aren't psychologically prepared to consume alcohol.

On May 16, the Illinois Senate approved a bill that, if it becomes law, would raise the drinking age to 21 throughout the entire state. The exception to this law would be that the 92 home-rule units would have the option to retain a lower drinking age.

The House had previously passed a bill that would raise the drinking age without any options available to specific areas.

The Senate and House recently agreed that areas should be able to use their home rule authority. The ambiguity within this law overwhelms me!



Where do these "representatives" come off determining who is psychologically capable of handling their alcohol? Is it the entrepreneurs who come home from a laborious day of manipulating, to soak up martinis all night while they read the Dow Jones? Or is it Normal's city manager who smashed into a parked car after a council meeting, after having three beers (supposedly)? If he wasn't under the influence of alcohol, what type of influence was he under? Was he feeling the city splitting at its seams and could no longer cope?

The core of the problem appears to be the consumption of alcohol. So, why don't our legislators address the question of why people drink? Do people drink to release the stresses and anxieties of the rat-race created by our success-oriented lifestyles? If this is true, a 19-year-old as well as a 21-year-old experiences the effects of the rat-race.

Oh, but 19-year-olds should feel indebted to those in authority who have granted them so many privileges already!

A 19-year-old is allowed to compete in this success-oriented world where all are afforded an equal opportunity to succeed, yet isn't allowed an equal opportunity to drink.

A privileged 19-year-old can become a parental guardian just like their parents! A 19-year-old, however, cannot consume alcohol?

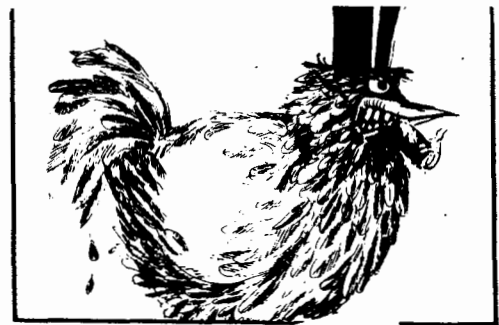
The height of the 19-year-olds' privileges lies in their being permitted to satisfy their patriotism! (Why, they can actually become a vegetable for their country!) They can kill another person for being on the opposite side of the hill during time of war.

I see now. 19-year-olds are responsible and psychologically capable enough to support themselves, raise children, and kill people. They aren't, however, prepared to drink alcohol.

If alcoholism is becoming more prevalent in Illinois, then it's time our lawmakers began to examine why, rather than using the 19 to 21-year-olds as their pawns.

I also question the timing of this bill. Was it a sheer coincidence that the Senate sat on the bill until May 16--by which time many colleges had ended their spring semesters, and high school students were engrossed in graduation? Or was it a political ploy to discourage those between the ages of 19 and 21 from uniting to protest their rights? Whether coincidence or ploy, I think it's time people united and supported what they feel to be their rights, rather than saying it's wrong but nothing can be done. •

--Didi



Post Amerikan/cpf

the wrong word

Brenkman's entire argument was based on Eric's referral to the ephedrine as whites or white crosses. The brand name of the ephedrine is "Mini Whites."

The above testimony by Brenkman (who was the state's witness) was allowed to be heard by the entire court and jury. However, the testimony of defense witness Garrett Scott, who is an expert in the field of linguistics (the study of words and how they change) and who also works at Bloomington High School, was allowed to be heard in the courtroom but not in the presence of the jury.

At deliberation time, the state's exhibits, which consisted of the seized drug conveniently packed in baggies, was allowed to be in the presence of the jury in the deliberation room.

The defendant's exhibits of the ephedrine advertised in 3 reputable national magazines was not allowed to be examined by jurors in deliberation.

The evidence in this case was so ridiculous that a few minutes after the jury left to deliberate, Brad Murphy (Asst. State's Attorney) said to Eric's attorney, "Well, Charlie, you may not have won the battle, but you have won the war," meaning the state did not intend to prosecute a case based on such unfounded arguments again. Despite this fact, Judge Dearborn still handed down a stiff sentence of 4½ years.

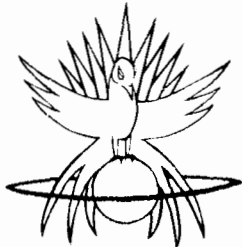
But where does that leave Eric and others like him? If any law has been broken here, it is a violation of pharmacy--simply reselling without a valid license, which is a misdemeanor.

No stretch of the imagination could, in this case, warrant a sentence of 4½ years. Instead, the already crowded prisons are being even more overpopulated by persons caught in the same judicial dilemma.

This is not a fair and just execution of the laws, and I would like to fight hard to change it. If anyone out there has any suggestions or information which could help Eric and others like him, please write to me.

Thank you.
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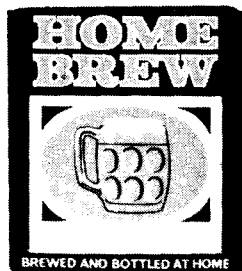
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How to homebrew beer

Two or three years ago in the Post, there appeared a simple recipe for brewing beer at home. I have been experimenting and bottling my own beer ever since then, and I thought I could pass on some tips to help other readers gain independence from corporate beer full of chemicals.

The four ingredients for 5 gallons (two cases) of home-brew are 5 gallons water, one can of hop-flavored malt extract, 3 pounds of sugar and a packet of beer yeast. Leave out the potas-



sium bi-sulfate, hydrochloric acid, magnesium sulfate, polymixin B and other chemicals usually put in commercial beer.

It took me a year to find the hop-flavored malt extract, beer yeast and bottle caps in Illinois. Woolfeson's Natural Food Store at the university campus in Champaign has all the supplies needed for homebrewing.

I also found a mail order supply that offers very prompt service. Write for a catalog to E. C. Draus, PO Box 7850, Independence, Mo. 64053.

A five gallon glass jug is handy to brew in--glass so that you can keep an eye on the beer. I paid a \$5 deposit to get a drinking water jug from the health food store. Plastic jugs are available by mail order, and don't break like my glass jug did.

Disinfect your brewing containers, utensils and bottles with campden tablets or baking powder (I wear rubber gloves) and rinse with cold water. I used a baby bottle brush available at grocery stores to scrub the insides of old moldy beer bottles. This ensures that the beer yeast will be the only bacteria flourishing in your homebrew.

Put a couple gallons of your water in a large disinfected kettle and heat it up enough to dissolve your sugar and malt extract. The malt extract is as thick as tar, so I always preheat the can in hot water before opening.

While the sugar and malt dissolve, I put the packet of beer yeast (not

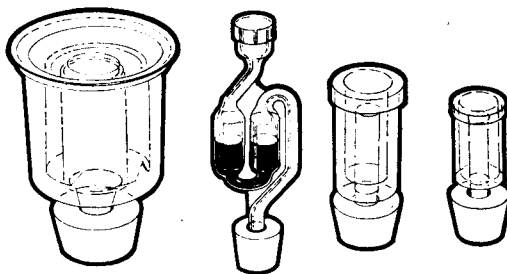
pastry yeast) in a cup of lukewarm water and a teaspoon of sugar. This starts the yeast growing. After pouring the dissolved sugar and malt into the five gallon jug, I add enough hot or cold water to make a lukewarm climate for the yeast to grow in. Next carefully add the cup of yeast.

Then plug the brewing jug with a water trap (to keep out foreign bacteria and to let out expanding gases). These fermentation locks are available at the sources mentioned, or you can make your own.

Now if your water wasn't too hot or cold to kill the yeast, your water trap will soon start bubbling from the rapidly growing culture. The yeast is alive, so keep it warm and it will brew quickly. (One week.) A hot attic is nice in the summer.

In the winter, the brew can be set in front of a heater or by a furnace. Last winter I wrapped a heat tape (available at hardware stores) around all the brew and insulated it with a blanket. I plugged and unplugged the heat tape at different times to keep the brew lukewarm.

Now your friendly bacteria (the beer yeast) should be able to consume the



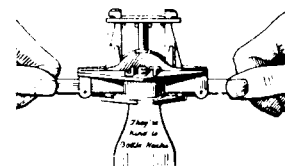
Fermentation locks or water traps

sugar and malt (energy and nutrients) in relative peace and produce the end products which are alcohol and carbonation (piss and farts).

You can tell when the brew is ready to bottle when you notice the rate of expanding gases slowing down through the water trap. Don't bottle too soon or the yeast will keep expanding and the bottles will blow up. Don't bottle too late or your yeast will be dead from starvation and you'll have flat beer. If you aren't sure when to bottle your batch, buy a hydrometer available at the sources mentioned. This measures the gases in the liquid and is simple to use with the instructions included.

Flat beer that still has a little life to it can be revived by putting a ½ teaspoon of sugar in the bottom of each bottle before capping.

Bottle cappers are available at Ace Hardware stores or at the other sources mentioned. To siphon the beer into the bottles, set the jug of brew high on a table and have your clean bottles low on the floor. I keep mine in the cases so they won't tip over. A large diameter siphon hose makes it a quick job, letting the beer flow continuous-



Bottle

capper

ly from bottle to bottle. Leave an inch or two of air in each bottle.

Don't let the end of the hose in the jug suck up the yeast sediment settled on the bottom or you will have a bitter product.

After capping the bottles, set in a dark corner for a week to let additional sediment settle to the bottom of each bottle.

To drink the beer, carefully pour the beer into a drinking glass without disturbing the sediment in the bottom. As you near the last of the beer in the bottle, you will see the sediment come down toward the drinking glass and get caught in the shoulder of the bottle. Immediately straighten up the bottle to keep the sediment in the bottle and out of your drink. Rinse the bottle afterwards so it won't get moldy and can be reused.

Experimentation is the most important rule in homebrewing. I cut my sugar to three pounds per five gallons to reduce the sweetness. I now put a squashed raisin in each bottle before capping. Thanks to this suggestion by an old-timer, my homebrew tastes like expensive imported beer.

One more exciting point is that it is illegal to brew beer at home in the U.S.A. with more than ½% alcohol content! (I now keep my illegal brew warm under plant lights in a closet with some illegal foliage.)

--Anonamos

POETRY

Green Limbs

The room was white,
And spotlessly so,
So the figure of
The ragged girl
Was startlingly bizarre.
The tattered girl
Led me to each room,
In each the smell of
Rotting flesh raping the air.
In each mirror gasped
Glimpses of history,
The Parent's Room
Revealing the dyed end.
The striking features
In the showing
Were the instances of
De-individualization and amputation.

Call it what you will,
The practice of self-glorification
Among the ruling class
Is appalling at best.
The sport uses the
Greenest limbs,
But lays snow on them
Much too wet for saplings.
Just try to subvert
Some picnic plans
Or dad's mind films.
For all beings whose
Limbs are green,
For all lovable spastics,
Unite!
Get rid of those
Tiresome chains.

--A poem by Jonathan Campbell

International : Ageist to the core

The United Nations has designated 1979 as the "International Year of the Child" (IYC). However, if you're looking forward to a children's version of International Women's Year, you'll be disappointed. International Women's Year was by and large a feminist event. Women planned it, women ran it and women defined its goals. The Year culminated in an international conference in Mexico City where the world-wide status of feminism could be assessed. The International Year of the Child has been conceived quite differently.

First, it's run by adults. Second, the theme of "The Child and the Family," suggested for IYC by the United States, focuses on the relationship of children to their families and through their families to their communities and institutions. By concentrating on the role that young people can and should play--in their families and in their communities. You can only wonder what the response would have been if the

theme of International Women's Year was "The Woman and Her Man," and how she relates to him and her community through him.

Apparently the IYC planners still haven't discovered that children are people in their own right, and not just some family sub-group.

The logo chosen for IYC is also astounding in its paternalism. The design of a child being embraced by the sheltering arms of an adult is supposed to be symbolic of children's needs. Again, just think about this symbolism in terms of the women's movement and you'll see what a grotesque parody it is of real children's liberation. Imagine a woman with the strong, protective arms of a man around her as a symbol of women's needs.

Both of these designs are powerful symbols all right--ones we're fighting against.

--Thanks to FPS

Small claims disclaimer

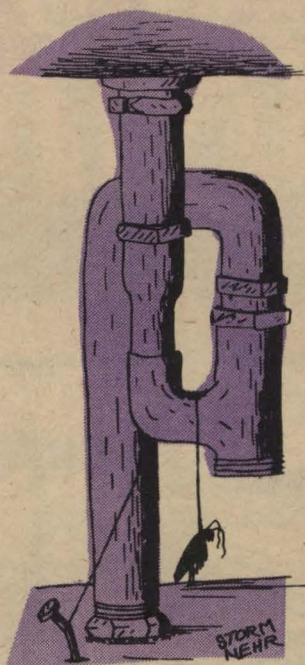
Ah, the sweet satisfaction of victory in court. But, oh, the bitter disappointment when you discover that having the law on your side isn't all it's cracked up to be. This statement is made in reference to the questionable effectiveness of the Small Claims Court, the agency which is supposed to settle claims of debts from say, fifteen dollars on up to one thousand dollars. There is no guarantee when you enter the small claims court that you will ever see the money you're owed, even if you win. However, if you feel strongly enough about the jerk who's ripping you off to gamble about fifteen bucks for a chance to see their ass or righteousness in a sling, then try your luck with the Small Claims Court Shuffle.

You can bring your case before the court whether it is a personal debt, business ripoff, landlord hassle or what-have-you. I speak strictly from the landlord ripoff point of view, since my case is of the Unrefunded Security Deposit variety.

The procedure is essentially the same for all types of small claims, and if you have doubts as to whether your case would be valid, they can tell you "wherever small claims are filed." (The McLean County small claims office is located on the third floor of the courthouse at 104 W. Front in Bloomington.)

Now, it's going to cost you a few dollars at the beginning but you won't be spending any more after that unless you plan to hire a lawyer. The lawyer is strictly optional, and you will probably do just as well without one. There is a cost for filing your claim and a cost for notifying the defendant. If you win, the defendant has to reimburse you for these court costs.

The filing cost for a claim under \$500 is \$11. For a claim under \$1000 it costs \$26. You have two choices of how you want the summons served. You can have a certified



letter mailed for \$3, or you can do it up right and have the sheriff deliver the summons in person. This last is a lot more expensive, the cost depending upon the sheriff's individual fee for this service plus a mileage cost for the delivery. This charge can really add up if the sheriff doesn't find the defendant at home the first time and has to go back.

These costs are all paid at the time you file your claim. You are also given a preliminary hearing date at that time. At this hearing, you and the defendant appear before the judge, and it is determined whether the defendant wants to contest the charges or simply pay you the money.

If s/he pays you the money, there is no trial and you are stuck with the court costs (which you've already paid). If s/he contests, the court date is set.

On the day of your case, just show up with all your evidence and a heart full of confidence and hope. And be prepared with facts. Don't bother blowing the fifteen bucks if you haven't anything to back your argument--that is, receipts, photographs, witnesses, letters, secret tapes, written promises, written lies and whatnot. This is not to say you need all this stuff to win, but get together as much valid evidence as you can.

If you lose the case, you don't have to pay anything, but if you win, your troubles aren't necessarily over. This is where you see how powerless the court really is.

The effectiveness of a ruling in your favor is contingent upon how seriously your opponent takes the law. Hopefully you are facing a somewhat law-respecting citizen who will take the court's decision seriously and pay you right away--because the court can in no way help you collect the money. You see, in my case, the court ruled in my favor but all that was said was that the defendant and I were to work out the payment arrangement among ourselves. I had to hound him for another two months to get my dough.

However, that payment is supposed to take precedence over any other bills the defendant might have, and while unpaid, that debt shows up in his/her credit rating and blocks any loans or mortgages s/he might be wanting to take out.

So there you have it. I can't say the small claims court is completely ineffectual because I wouldn't have gotten my money back without it, but on the other hand, you can see that it is far from a sure thing. Since the court has no power to force payment, really what they end up doing is echoing what you've probably been screaming for months: "Hey, you asshole, you owe me money! So pay up!"

--Virginia Dahl



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